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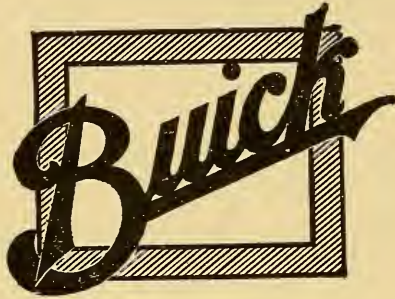
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The Arguenot

VOL. 7

APRIL, 1927

NO. 3

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Our Policy

VARIOUS are the aims of editorial boards of school magazines! Some seek to make their school journal a model of literary expression—the work of the select few who are especially gifted in this particular field of endeavor. Such an aim is a worthy one.

Our aim, however, is not of this sort. We rather endeavor to make our magazine a *school* magazine, representative of as large a number of the pupils as possible. Even in our literary section (which, perhaps, should not be called by so dignified

a title) we include articles, which we realize are not of real literary value. If these articles, however, represent the best effort of pupils, if they possess an element of originality, and if they are interesting, we print them in our magazine. We seek to stimulate the interest of the many, and we like to add new names each issue, to our list of contributors. This of necessity makes our standard of achievement in the strictly literary field, not so high as it might be *if* our objectives were of a different type.

Jeanie of Mar Muir

THE wind rushed through the moorland. The thatched cottage shook. She was frightened. Her father—lost! They were searching—yes, but the moor—they did not know the moor, with its tall swaying grasses and hollow, whistling reeds, its bottomless mires and maze-like paths. The rain beat down in a rhythmic monotone. Would it never cease? The lantern light in the window flickered almost out and then with an effort seemed to live again. With nervous fingers she adjusted the wick and then continued her pacing up and down the

cottage floor. Lost—her father! The shepherd of Mar Muir lost—and his daughter at home by the warm fire! It was driving her mad! Suddenly she stopped her wild pacing. A voice—her father's voice calling to her—"Jeanie, Jeanie!"

She must go! She must! She opened the door and the raging wind and rain rushed into the shaking cottage. The dim lantern flickered and went out. She welcomed the rain on her hot face and wildly calling, "Father—'tis Jeanie, father! 'Tis Jeanie, comin' to you," she

rushed into the moorland. Did he answer or was she mad with the wind's howling and the call of the moor? In the distance she saw the faint lights of the searchers, and heard them calling as they combed the country-side. But she knew where he was! Stumbling, she went to the old, rough pathway that led to the quagmire. He must be there! Ah! here it was. "Father! my father!" No answer. She pushed on further, calling. Reaching out in the dark, she grasped some small twigs, but something was happening—she was sinking—the treacherous quagmire! "Oh, father! 'tis Jeanie, father—."

Far off in the distance she thought she heard the voices of the searchers—"Hur-ray! He's found! Three cheers for the Shepherd of Mar Muir!"

Was it her father's voice, or did she imagine it, calling to her as he made his way homeward—"Jeanie—my Jeanie lass. 'Tis father comin' home to you!"

An answer struggled in her throat—she stretched her arms wildly at the bushes above—she gasped for breath but only a whisper came from her parched mouth. The rain beat down and the wind howled through the moor grass as she tried vainly to call, "Father—my father! 'Tis Jeanie—over here—."

JANE M. WALDHEIM, '27.

My Experience as a Saleswoman

THERE is nothing in all the world which I think so abominable a task as attempting to sell an object which usually proves to be just what everyone already has or what no one ever had or ever wants. I don't know why I should so detest selling things, for some people seem able to sell just what, when, and to whom they desire. Perhaps, my overpowering dread is due to the nerve-racking experience which I had when I was a youngster—an experience which I would rather journey to the wilds of Africa than again undergo.

One noontime a group of youngsters in which I was included, encountered, a short distance from the school, two agents with huge piles of prints of famous paintings. We were soon listening to a second "Stephen A. Douglas" who convinced us of the pleasure to be derived from selling, within two weeks, fifty prints at ten cents each, for which we would receive a solid gold fountain pen and a few other remarkable trifles.

"Why," he said, "at ten cents each, they will go like snow under hot water."

Being a sheep in the herd, I gave my name and address and marched like a haughty king home to eat my dinner.

It is needless to say that though my mother had five thousand "fits" while trying to persuade, argue, and demonstrate to me the utter uselessness in wasting time even to attempt the task, my leaping flame of ambition would not be quenched.

Immediately after school, with expectations reaching to the skies, I set out like a stubborn little fool to show my mother how her estimation of her daughter's ability as a saleswoman had been shamefully and utterly without sense or reason.

The first person I sold to—or rather expected to sell to—was either indulging in a tea gossip or a beauty nap, for no one responded to my whacking, loud knocks. The second person, though responding to my knocks, did not respond to my de-

mands, for she politely and icily informed me that she was busy and could not be "bother-r-red."

My flame of ambition had abruptly dropped from 110° to 30° Fahrenheit as I timidly knocked at a third door. Having heard my errand, the dear woman, like a true Christian, asked me to enter her humble abode while she proceeded to scrutinize the pictures. Ah! She was pouring gasoline on a fast dying flame. Here was a woman who meant business; she was sorting the chaff from the wheat. Having finished her sorting, she picked up the wheat, cast one loving glance at it and said, "They certainly are beautiful pictures. You ought to be able to sell these quickly," and, looking about the room, "If I didn't have too many paintings already, I would buy and frame a few."

Plop! My heart fell to the depths of my stomach like a rock into the sea. With a "Good-bye, dear-r-r" ringing in my ears, I found myself roaming blindly along the street.

Possessing a remarkable "don't give up the ship" quality (which I have long

since lost) I entered the threshold of a motherly looking soul. My soul and body! She went through the same identical process that the previous woman had, only she asked me to come the next day as she was without change. When I returned the next day she informed me that, thinking I would already have sold the picture, she had bought it from another person, just ten minutes before.

Running like a baby and bawling like a cow, I was soon in the blessed arms of my mother who bought two prints and saved my tears for later use.

When the "fountain-pen" agent came and collected his twenty cents, he graciously presented me with a single beautiful print.

With childish glee I framed the picture which still holds a sacred and respectable place on the wall in my room. Every time I glance at my hard earned trophy, a shudder passes through my frame as memories of nerve-racking disappointments appear, like heavy dark clouds over the sun, above the muddled thoughts of later experiences.

RUTH GUSTAFSON, '27.

"The Lonely Pine"

The lonely pine on Belmont Hill
Was moaning like the sea.
The song was very soft and low;
What can the matter be?

It was a calm and silent night
When the pine tree said to me,
"I used to have so many friends;
What can the matter be?"

"I wonder if they think of me
When they're so far away;
I saw their face and heard their voice—
It seems just yesterday."

And still the pine on Belmont Hill
Is moaning like the sea.
The song was very soft and low
From loneliness, you see.

FLORENCE JOHNSON, '28.



The "Worm" Earns His Letter

THE blue tipped oars of Old Stanford's crew sparkled in the sun as they propelled the lithe shell of cedar through the placid waters of the river. The oars were manned by seven young stalwarts who were urged on by the staccato barking of the thin little coxswain holding the rudder strings. A megaphone covered the greater part of his face from whence came the barking sounds.

It was in early April and earnest practice for the Hudson River Regatta in June was in progress. The open waters of the river were a tonic to the oarsmen after the long weary grind at the rowing machine during the winter.

As matters stood it looked like a banner year for Old Stanford. The crew was made up of sturdy veterans stroked by the doughty Jack Wight. As they swung down the river, rising and pulling on the oars they presented a fine appearance.

As they passed under the Hoosac Bridge they perhaps did not notice a shy gaunt youth with heavy glasses shading his blinking eyes, watching their every stroke with admiration. If they should pass again over this route they would find the same youth watching them with the same intentness.

But in Old Stanford's boat-shed there was great consternation. There was a spirit of gloom over all, for their valiant coxswain "Pee-Wee" Jones was declared by the school authorities to be ineligible to participate in the race.

The coach was furious and fumed up and down the narrow aisles of the shed. He had no logical second choice as Jones was of such a build as to make the balance of the shell almost perfect.

At last the time to embark for the starting-line drew near and the shell was

hoisted upon the shoulders of the oarsmen and was borne gently to the river bank. Among the onlookers was our friend Aloysius Sturtevant. The coach's eyes happened to land on him and he exclaimed, "This runt would fill the coxswain's position to a 'T' as far as weight is concerned." The blank expression did not leave Sturtevant's face. In a moment however, his expression brightened and he exclaimed "Would you be willing to let me try?"

The coach barked back, "What do you know about a shell?"

The youth replied, "I understand the rudder strings, sir."

The coach then consulted with Captain Wight and exclaimed to the rest of the crew, "I think we'll have to put this kid in the seat because he says he understands the rudder strings." The crew looked doubtful but knew that it was the best thing to do under the circumstances.

The coach beckoned to the gaping Sturtevant, jammed a crew cap on his head, a jersey over his shirt, and snapped a megaphone over his mouth.

The youth found himself sitting in the coxswain's seat of the shell holding the rudder strings in his hand. The coach's bark was steady and sharp, "Snap out of your trance, kid. Put some 'pep' into your work."

The pistol sounded and the crews were off. Washington's crew were away to a lead with Old Stanford following, after getting off to a good start. Sturtevant was showing his skill at the rudder strings, but his efforts to instill "pep" into the crew were nil. His count of the stroke was a stuttering monotone. The two-mile marker was passed with open water between Washington and Old Stanford. As his shell slid past the marker, the

Washington "coxy" yelled out to Sturtevant, "Hey, kid, does your mother know you're out? A boat race is no place for a sissy."

Sturtevant's face went white, his stuttering stopped. Clear and loud came his staccato counting to the crew. The strained faces of his crew looked at him in surprise, and suddenly the gap between the two crews drew narrower. The last

quarter mile stretch and the shells were in a dead tie. Sturtevant in one last effort shouted, "Come on, boys! Pull for Old Stanford." Stanford's shell slowly gained a lead and held it to the finish line.

While the coach was congratulating his crew and especially Sturtevant, he was heard to murmur, "You can never tell a book by its cover."

DANIEL O'CONNELL, '27.

Maitoku

THE little island lay a picture of perfect beauty, surrounded on all sides by the mighty Pacific Ocean. The deep red of the setting sun was fast disappearing, taking with it the last vestige of the tropical day. As the sun sank lower and lower, the fresh breath of the evening breeze bestirred itself, and made its way to the tiny isle.

Moved by its tender caress, the palms whispered and swayed, in rhythmic motion to its sweet music; the golden moon rose high in the heavens, and laid a golden, glistening path over the ocean waters. Voices, soft and murmuring, hardly distinguishable above the serenity of the night, might be heard. The faint tinkle and strumming of a guitar, and low musical voices floated through the air, as the tired folk put aside their worries, and lost themselves in the beauty about them. The stars lent their silvery sheen, and completed the magic of the night.

Alone and apart from this, stood the forlorn figure of the youth Maitoku, the pitied one of the tribe. So, insignificant and unnoticed by all save the children, the poor one stood alone among those of the village.

He flung himself upon the sand, and rested in gloomy meditation, weighted down by his sorrow.

At the farther end of the beach a group of children were whispering. Then he heard his name called by one of the little ones. He rose, forgetting his troubles, to answer the summons. He heard a second cry, this time filled with terror. He broke into a run, and sped towards the group, which now was in a state of wild confusion, and when he came up to him, they pointed to an object on the waters.

"Maitoku, look, a shark!" they cried in chorus, "we have great fear, for the son of the Tabu has gone to swim!"

Maitoku poised, dived, and swam quickly to the spot from which a tiny voice was calling.

He neared the boy, and told him to hasten while he intercepted the danger. He endeavored to distract the angry creature, while the child made his way safely to shore. A short struggle ensued, and Maitoku escaped.

Lacerated and wounded, he made his way ashore. Kindly hands, which before had ignored him, received him now, and cared for his wounds. Through his loving deed, he had gained the respect and admiration he had desired, and which he had never dreamt would come to pass.

HELEN O'KANE, '27.

En Un Noche de la Verana

(ON A NIGHT IN SUMMER)

Slight was the stir of the velvety leaves,
Less was the sigh of the soft summer
breeze,
Fireflies illumined the shrubs by the lake,
En un noche de la verana.

Sweet did the tones of the psalteries pro-
long
Sweeter the notes of the nightingale's
song,
Modest the whisper of shy summer
flowers,
En un noche de la verana.

Tinged was the lake with the glistening
moon,
Daintily hedgrows with stardust were
strewn;

Alas, that the dawn will be waking so
soon,
En un noche de la verana.

Silently now from some part, none knew
where
Soft notes of music are filling the air,
Sung by a maiden in tones free from care,
En un noche de la verana.

Slowly, more slowly, now finished and
gone,
Was the beautiful maid who had charmed
with her song,
Gone from the scene I'll forget ne'er for
long,
De un noche de la verana.

EVELYN WALSH, '28.

Disagreement

TO agree is easy—to disagree, not so
easy. Don't agree just to be nice—
don't disagree just to be different.

If you disagree with a person when
you firmly believe you are right, you show
the independence and courage which is
characteristic of any frank person.

Among your associates you may be
able to pick out the kind of friend who
always agrees with you no matter what
is said. This person may seem to be one
of your best friends, but do you ever
ask his advice or opinion on important
matters? No, because you know his
advice is valueless since he has never had
the backbone to express his own mind.

On the other hand, you may have
among your acquaintances the person
who always disagrees with you just to be

different. This person's opinion is also
valueless since he is simply prejudiced
against anything which is agreeable to
you.

Yet life without its petty disagreements
would be rather monotonous. Be absurd
for a moment and suppose that every-
body agreed on everything. How long
could you endure this? Not long, for
you would perhaps be inclined to set off
a bomb to arouse the world. Disagree-
ment is essential since it adds pep and
zest to life.

If you agree with me, you're all right.
If you disagree, you're still sane. You
know—if no one else does—whether
you're trying to be nice, or different, or
just your natural self.

EDNA SNYDER, '27.

A Fable

ONCE upon a time I was tripping lightly through the waterfront district of a great city. As I tripped along (I fell once) I saw coming toward me the bent, decrepit figure of a young man, clad in a shiney threadbare suit. His coat collar was turned up, and now and then he coughed spasmodically. I, whereupon, said to my august self, "Here, indeed, is a failure, a wreck, a piece of flotsam cast upon the sea of life to go whither it is carried by wind and wave." (Pretty good, what?) I was not surprised when the wreck accosted me and spake unto me, saying, "I say, old thing, have you got two bits you wouldn't mind spinning my way?" I doled out the requisite sum, but said, "I hate to part with a hard earned coin without getting something for it. You look interesting, and in return for the assistance I have given you, you must relate your hard luck tale, that is, if it is a good one." We ensconced ourselves on the curb and the derelict told me the following story:

"You see, old thing, it was like this. I was not always the wreck you now see me. No indeed. Once I had a fine position, good family"—

"That's what they all say," I interrupted cynically. "Can't you change it a bit?"

"But it's true," responded my storyteller. "I had everything I could wish for, and what have I now? Nothing!"

"Oh yes you have! you've got a quarter of mine," I made answer.

"A quarter!" he shouted indignantly. "A quarter! Compared with the money I once had is as nothing." I began to get impatient, so he resumed his tale. "The awful secret is," he announced, "that I was once a publicity agent. But that wasn't the worst of it. Oh no! You

see, I was publicity agent for a big movie palace in New York. This theatre had a broadcasting studio and used it once a week. I announced the programs, and, as a good 'P. A.' should, I used a great deal of time in telling the listening world about the show. The public disliked me for this but I cared not. In current phraseology, 'I knew my onions.' Before I relate the climax of affairs, I must explain something about our program.

"At 8.45 the program from the theatre auditorium commenced. At 8.40 I was supposed to give a short explanation concerning the program to be heard, but more often than not I talked about next week's show. Sometimes I even talked during the entire overture, and kept this up for some weeks. The letters I received by this time were red-hot with indignation but I paid no attention to them. And then what do you think happened? One night upon leaving the theatre I was waylaid in the dark alley outside and clubbed into insensibility by a group of angry radio fans. After they had almost reduced me to an unknown quantity they dumped me into a car and drove far out in the country. By the time the first thirty miles had been passed they spoke to me, now awake, saying, 'Oh, wretched, insatiable publicity announcer, your time has come. Get thee hence, and if thou dost ever face a microphone again we will hunt thee out and exterminate thee.' Whereupon they again put me to sleep and placed me in the gutter."

"Poor fellow," I said, jumping up. "I know your kind, and hate them, but oh, how well you have learned your lesson! I weep for you. Here is another two bit piece."

KENNETH REARDON, '28.

An Example of the Japanese Haikai

Note: This is supposed to be an imitation of Japanese verse which is unrhymed but has five syllables in the first and last lines and seven in the second. This form of Japanese poetry is supposed to resemble their prints which are perfect in little details.

THE SEASONS

Delicate green leaf
Hiding a single flower.
You say, "Spring" to me.

Velvet butterflies
Swaying on the painted bloom,
Drugged by summer suns.

Wild geese soaring high,
Slant to the blast of the breeze.
Piercing autumn clouds.

Crystal palaces
Made by ice encased boughs.
Snow queen's winter home.

ALICE E. WOLFE, '28.

Miss 1927

(Note. The following essays represent two opinions on the same subject—one the "Eternal Feminine," the other the "Eternal Masculine.")

THE girl of today differs widely from her sisters of past generations. The modern girl has progressed rapidly, as is readily perceived by her adoption of modern ways and viewpoints. Miss 1827 held a commonplace, disinterested outlook upon life, whereas our modern miss recognizes her opportunities, and is ready to make the most of them.

No longer is the modern woman compelled to remain at home, dependent upon the men of the family for her livelihood. No, she recognizes and holds her new-found liberty, which enables her to take her place beside men in business, art, and all other forms of activity in the outside world which before were denied her. She has many opportunities offered her which were almost unheard of in past generations.

A more far-reaching right to personal liberty, the right to direct her own life, and to remain independent, has come to her.

The modern miss has shorn her beau-

tiful far-famed tresses for the more matter of fact comfort of bobbed hair. By doing this, she has cast aside one more vestige of her femininity. She has adopted, in many ways, man's mode of dress, and has occasioned him no little anxiety. She has invaded his sanctuaries, the barber shop and smoking parlor; she has entered into nearly every field of competition against him. Everywhere, one can see the changing from the old customs to the new, from the narrow ideas to the broader, and a recognition of the advancement of modern civilization.

Miss 1927 has more to live for than had her sister of long ago. A home does not end all outside contact with the world for her. Her home, though it still occupies her heart, and about which may center her main interests, does not hold the throne as it did of yore. Some modern women are very ambitious, and find themselves able to maintain their homes and be active outside the home.

Every day, splendid examples of women

who glorify our nation, and who add to the luster of its laurels, are brought to our immediate attention. These women include the mother, the musician, the singer, and the business woman.

Politics has its list of women who are members of the different branches of political life and work. Everywhere, evidence of woman's ability is showing, and she proves herself worthy of merit.

No doubt, many critics, who everywhere abound, find many qualities in the modern girl and woman which they deplore and endeavor to reform. But these are just the types of people to whom life offers nothing but a continuous everlasting opportunity for fault-finding.

I admit that the girl of today, in a small measure, may be of the rather wild, excitement-seeking, and otherwise hilarious set. But this type should not be heralded and acclaimed as the representative modern girl. There has always been a certain element which confines itself to this shallow living. The real, worthy modern girl is she who finds no time for useless things, but rather sets herself to the task of proving her real worth.

What if a girl uses powder and rouge? It is just a new realization of her true self and an attempt to better herself, and to make the best of everything that opportunity offers.

I firmly believe that the girl of today and of tomorrow is going to arouse the admiration of the world, and a closer attention to her undeniable ability. She has just emerged from the shell of deep silence, in which she has been kept for so long, so to speak, and is now asserting herself in the phases of the world with which she before was unacquainted. But she is proving herself worthy of the name Woman, and, in resisting the ties which bound her to a monotonous life, she has

shown to us the marvelous creature she really is. And I might say, that in generations to come, she will reach the peak of success, after her long, tedious journey.

The termination of the World War contributed in a large measure to the more rapid development of woman suffrage. While the turmoil of war became more and more confused, men were forced to leave their positions, farms, and homes. Woman stepped into Man's place and took upon her own confident shoulders the burden which had been borne by the men who had been called to battle. She proved herself worthy.

In the munition plants, in the factories, on the farms, everywhere, women were going about the task of adjusting themselves to their new surroundings, and enjoying it immensely. A great deal of the help rendered by the United States in the war was given by women.

Everything that could possibly have been done for the welfare of the soldiers, was accomplished. Red Cross stations were set up; supplies were sent daily. Women served as nurses, entertainers, anything, from cooks to ambulance drivers. Their hand of mercy was seen everywhere. The list of deeds done by these women is too large to be included in as small a space as this.

Woman, as the homemaker, will, of course, always reign supreme, but it is about others who have accomplished such seemingly impossible things that I wish to speak.

Miss 1927 can most assuredly be counted upon as one of the luckiest young misses from time immemorial. She has greater freedom, and there is a more widely recognized approval of her ability.

There is nothing wrong about her. She knows what she wants to do, and what she wants to be, and she will yet

accomplish her purpose. Attaining her goal is one of her commendable traits. She will secure what she sets out to at-

tain, and maintain the full fragrance of her charm and sincerity.

ANONYMOUS.

Miss 1927

WHEN the screeching saxophone and bleating sousaphone ushered in the Jazz Age, the flapper was ushered in by them also. Since those early days, when she was only slightly unconventional, she has metamorphosed into a gorgeous gargoyle, a typical product of the giddy Jazz Age. She is the 1927 model, the very latest development in ever-changing American girls.

"Miss 1927" has gone to college and so has her brother, and between them they have filled up the universities so that education is doled out on the mass production scheme. Many who never should have gone above high school are wasting their time and money in college.

It might be well, however, to leave the changes coming with the Jazz Age and to consider the subject herself. "Miss 1927" would say, "How should I know?" if you asked her who Verdi was, or Gounod; but if you said, "Well now, perhaps you can tell me who Irving Berlin and Philip Spitalny are," she would reply, "Say, do you think I'm dumb or something?"

Like practically all girls and many women of today she is bobbed haired, powdered, and rouged. In many cases the bob is not suitable to her and makes her head resemble a dilapidated scrubbing brush. The powder and rouge, unintelligently applied, give her the appearance of a circus clown. Her thoughts consist chiefly of dance rhythms and "dates." She does not think, because among her kind, thinking is a lost art. She is loud-mouthed, sophisticated, and

ultra vain. She reads the current novels, but would "pass out" in a genuine faint if you presented her with a volume of Dumas and told her she would get real literary enjoyment from it. Her vocabulary is limited, because the set in which she moves has no use for words of large dimensions, since they seldom talk of anything but themselves and what they will do next. She adores the cinema and you can always find her drinking in the "rot" that abounds in many photoplays. As she loves a movie, so on the other hand does she hate a good play. Oh yes, she will gladly attend a sex play or one that is hilariously funny or frivolous, but when it comes to real drama—never! To understand worthwhile drama, she would be forced to think, and as I have said before, thinking among her kind is a lost art.

"Miss 1927" resembles and is homologous to man. Because woman has won out in her struggles for equal rights, she has made herself as much like the object of her emulation as possible. She smokes, she drinks if she thinks it necessary for social prestige, and clips her hair so that her head is no different from a man's. One thing that she cannot realize is that so much masculinity in her is defeating her own ends. When a man wants to go out with a girl he doesn't go out with another man. And between many of the modern girls and man there is little difference.

What does "Miss 1927" do with herself? She either goes to college or works. If we are to believe the trashy novels

that are overworking the presses, we learn that a girl leaves high school, goes to work for a month, marries her employer, and all is well. That, however, is merely the raving of demented novelists who feed this sort of thing to a greedy public. I believe that "Miss 1927" in the commercial world, although perhaps lightheaded, is blessed with far more sense than is her sister who goes to college and leads a butterfly existence. One good characteristic of the subject is that she spends much of her time in pursuit of sport. This trait in her is one to be commended.

I realize that throughout this paper I have been very sarcastic, perhaps unjust. But remember I am referring to the many and not to the few. There are exceptions, of course. There are girls who know H. L. Mencken from H. G. Wells, but I have been speaking of those

who do not. (I also admit that "Miss 1927's" brother is, in many cases, pretty far gone himself, but the subject deals with the modern girl, and not with the modern boy.)

If the subject of our discussion is as bad as I have painted her, will she remain that way? What will become of her? Perhaps she will continue on her present path till she is such a hopeless composite of masculine and feminine that men will point to her and cry, "World, behold this mongrel, this half-breed, the betrayer of her sex! We cast her aside! We will have none of her!" Perhaps she will reclaim herself and become once more truly feminine—not the sort of femininity known as the "clinging vine," but just that wholesome type that American girls are supposed to be, but who most decidedly are not.

ANONYMOUS.

The Modern Sheik

(With apologies to Whittier)

Blessings on thee, modern sheik,
Well-to-do on ten a week!
With thy glossy slikumed hair,
And thy flivver worse for wear;
With thy trousers two feet wide,
And thy shoes of calf-skin hide;

With thy heavy collegiate sweater,
And thy belt of horsehide leather;
With thy striped and dotted ties,
Blended with a thousand dyes,—
All these things will bring you joy
To you O Sheik! My modern boy!

JAMES COLLINS, '29.

A Midsummer Tragedy

THE surf pounded on the beach; the sea, white-capped, lashed the shore. The mountainous breakers, foaming as they curled over and crashed with a thunderous roar, swept in sounding an ominous warning to any who might venture into the sea's turbulent depths.

Yet the day was tranquil and balmy.

A dazzling sun shone down, and quivering waves of heat rose from the burning sand.

Down the beach a merry group romped about; they had come to celebrate the seventeenth birthday of their hostess at her summer home.

An officer paced the beach warning

everybody to stay out of the water, but the heat was intense, and soon the group plunged into the water with shouts of laughter as the waves dashed against them. A moment—and their shouts had taken on a new note, increasing in terror with each cry, while two life-guards raced the length of the beach to reach them.

All efforts to launch the life-boats had failed, and a line of men formed a chain reaching waist-deep into the water. The life-guards reached the bathers, and the furious struggle began. Two life-guards were fighting to save nine lives in a terrific sea.

In the meantime, an aviator stationed with his aeroplane on the beach grasped some inflated inner-tubes, and starting his engine took his plane into the air. He circled over the spot, dropping the tubes near the bathers; but his thoughtful effort was without result as the strugglers could not reach the floating tubes.

The guards, by now had handed over to the human chain eight of the bathers, and one guard lay unconscious on the beach, while the other, a powerful swimmer, fought the sea with desperate strokes, clasping with one arm an unconscious girl, who had said with her last strength, "Don't leave me."

For twenty minutes he struggled to reach the line of men, only five feet away,

and time after time he was dashed on to the floor of the ocean, coming up half dazed to strike out once again. At last, he was grasped by the waiting line and was passed from hand to hand up onto the beach. As he collapsed, he muttered again his promise to his half-drowned burden, "I'll stay with you."

The cottagers nearest to the scene of action had taken the survivors into their homes and had revived them; and as they recovered from their frightful experience, each returned to the cottage of the girl whose guests they were.

An hour passed, and their young hostess had not returned. A vague uneasiness descended like a cloud upon the group; their friend had not recovered so quickly as themselves, they thought, and the father of the girl started an inquiry to determine the cottage into which his daughter had been taken.

As the afternoon wore on, a thorough canvass of the cottages revealed no trace of the missing girl, but only a hideous certainty that they would not admit even to themselves. An icy chill of terror, a horrible suspense, a feeling of despair settled over the house until sunset came. As the sun dipped behind the horizon, the young girl's body was washed up onto the shore—a sad, sad ending of her seventeenth birthday.

LILLIAN BEAULIEU.

How a High School Education Lays a Foundation for a Useful Later Life

THE ordinary high school curriculum gives to the student the opportunity of choosing the studies which he is to pursue, except for the requirement of four years of English and a single year of United States History. These two

studies are the only ones that all students take. They may fill out their course with classical, technical, commercial or practical subjects, in accordance with their plans for future work. Some people favor the offering of a complete vocational

training in high school for those who do not intend to go on with their education. They argue that time is lost which is spent on such subjects as English or history. "For what possible use," they say, "can a plumber make of his ability to quote Shakespeare, or of his knowledge of the causes of the Revolutionary War?"

Personally, I can appreciate the point of their reasoning, but I cannot sympathize with it. Without a doubt the plumber will make little use of this knowledge in his early years, but it will be invaluable to a man who wishes to work for and reach the top. It is a great asset for anyone to be able to talk to his friends on equal terms—that is to be able to converse intelligently on something else besides "shop." For this reason I am in favor of a general curriculum, which includes some vocational training. After high school all pupils must set out for a definite goal. Henceforth they must specialize in some certain line of work, whether it is work leading to a degree of Bachelor of Arts, or work like accounting or plastering. As the man who is born, lives his life, and dies in the same town is in a rut, so is the man who knows of nothing but his job.

In grammar school, the teacher watches over the discipline of her charges closely, sees that they do their work, and if they are not getting on very well, she finds the difficulty and fixes it. Not so in high school. If a pupil has time to pass notes or snicker with his neighbor over some joke, it is his own loss, and no one else's. The teacher, as a rule, hasn't the time to bother scolding him. When a pupil comes to school without his work done, he is the one who has to take the bad mark, and not the teacher. If a new principle is taught in class, and he does

not understand it very well, it is up to him to have a conference with the teacher and get extra help. She has too many things to do to check up on his knowledge. This is one of the strongest stones in the foundation which a high school education lays. This training of "being on your own hook" is of great moment in later life, for when one is out in the "cruel world" there is no one to watch over him or to prod him on. One must stare his problems squarely in the face, and solve them without looking for help. High school training in self discipline usually teaches the pupil to do this.

The primary object of all high schools is to fit the pupil with an education which will enable him to be of greater benefit to himself and to society. In other words, the finished product of the high school should be a good citizen. In high school, as in any business or institution, there are certain rules that are made to be observed. The one who breaks these rules is the fellow who will later be a poor citizen if he is not taught the error of his ways. The high school student soon learns that the best course for him to follow is one of law and order. This training in observing regulations is very useful in later life, when there are many laws which must be carried out.

High school pupils soon learn that the more they help others, the more they will help themselves. When they give up their time in such extra activities as orchestra, debating or sports, they are of service to the school. They usually find that their gain in popularity and the reputation which they acquire compensates them for their efforts. This willingness to help others, the value of which is shown so well in high school, serves one very well in later life. A man in the business world who is willing to help others is very seldom lacking in real

friends, and when he needs help, he will certainly get it.

The material things in high school, such as the studies which we take up, are, of course, of great assistance in later life. English, which everyone must take, teaches us to converse fluently and well. The English literature which so many people regard as dry and useless gives us a conception of the people of other periods, and enables us to enter intelligently into conversation when we meet a person who talks of something else besides the "best seller." History furnishes us with an insight into the ancestry of our native land. This is valuable to a man later in life, because on looking back into history, he can find faults and strive to prevent their repetition. The other studies such as mathematics, languages

and science are not required of all, but they give the student a good start in whatever line of endeavor he intends to follow.

The school system in the United States is better than that of any other nation. One of the features of this system, the privilege of getting a good high school education free, gives the student a firm foundation upon which to build his career. If he takes advantage of the opportunities which the high school offers in supplying him with the fundamentals leading to a successful future, he need never fear that his high school days were wasted. On the contrary, he can always look down and see his life built on the solid rock of learning, and not on the shifting sands of ignorance.

EDMUND CAINE, '27.

In the Land of "Dreams-Come-True"

They used to sit by the brook so blue
In the sunny land of "Dreams-Come-True."

She—a pretty maiden so gay and alive—
He—a little cripple, just past five—

Each day they sat 'neath the "Wishing-Tree,"

Wishing what they some day might be.

And the maiden, the cripple's thin hand
did hold,

While stories of knights and princes she
told.

She was the "princess shut up in a tree"
And he the "knight-errant" who rode out
to free

Her from the father's villainous plot,
To wed her to one, for whom she cared
not.

Day after day such tales she told
With his feverish hand clasping tightly
her own,

Until the elves in the "Wishing-Tree"
Saw, and relieved his misery.

And now each day by the brook so blue
In the sunny land of "Dreams-Come-True"

The little maiden sits alone,

Resting her head on a smooth, white
stone.

But her heart is not sad—
Why should it be?—

She still has the brook, and the "Wishing
Tree."

EDNA BATEMAN, '27.

Unconquered!

I wandered about alone one day—
 One day in the early morn.
 I roamed o'er the beach, until I saw
 Some rocks, standing grey—forlorn.

And there on the rocks the waves dashed
 high;
 They chuckled and splashed with glee.
 I thought, as I heard their gurgling
 laugh,
 "They're friends to the world and me."

And oh! they caressed those bare grey
 rocks
 And covered them o'er with spray;
 But yet the old rocks stood stern and
 dark,
 Way out in the sea's highway.

And then when the night fell o'er the sea
 And clouds gathered in the sky,
 The wind whistled shrill about the rocks,
 And waves on the rocks dashed high.

They angrily roared and beat the rocks,
 As if they would tear them down.
 They moaned and they sobbed with
 frenzied wrath,—
 They were heard in the far off town.

Next morn when the wind its roaring
 stopped,
 The waves, exhausted, were still.
 The sun, shining bright, revealed the
 rocks,
 Unconquered, unchanged in will.

BARBARA ROBERTS, '27.

Life on the Volga

THE VOLGA RIVER is the mother
 of Russia's rivers. It is loved by
 all, poets, writers, and especially by
 fishermen, who live and die on its banks.
 All the songs of the boatmen are about
 the Volga and its beauty, its enchant-
 ments and its mysterious depths. Many
 exciting tales of the Volga are told and
 retold by fishermen to their children each
 generation.

About five years ago I happened to
 visit one of the villages on the Volga,
 which was inhabited chiefly by fishermen.
 The huts were built very near the water
 and rafts were extended about twelve
 feet into the river. To these rafts, boats
 of different sizes and shapes were tied.
 Women washed their clothes in the clear
 water and stretched them on the green
 grass along the shore. The children of
 the village, especially those whose parents
 earned their living by fishing, were poorly

clad, barefooted and with dirty faces;
 but they seemed to be very happy and
 loved to play near the beautiful river.

The day I was there, as the evening was
 approaching, the wives of the fishermen
 were running in and out of their huts.
 It was time to prepare the evening meal
 for their husbands and sons who were
 coming home after a long day of hard
 work. Some carried water on their
 shoulders from the river, others peeled
 potatoes in the doorways of the little
 huts.

Then the mothers went outside and
 called to the tireless children. The
 children ran up to the rafts and patiently
 awaited their brothers' and fathers' re-
 turn. They chattered excitedly to one
 another about what they thought their
 fathers would bring home.

Soon it was dark and faint lights glim-
 mered in the one-window huts. The

silver moon shone brightly upon the village and the sparkling river. From the distance were heard the voices of the Volga boatmen. Gradually the fishing crafts came into sight, gliding through the silvery water. As the oars kept their rhythmic paddling, the romantic Volga boat song kept the men rowing in time. The mothers and children ran to the shore to greet the fishermen. Then the song grew louder as the people on shore joined in the singing.

When the boats had landed, the men all went to their homes and sat in a circle outside. The housewives brought forth from the huts large dishes of potatoes, fish and other foods, placing them on the ground. Then the "samovaar" was placed in the center and glasses were

given to each one in the family. Even though the odor of the fresh cooked food might have tempted the weary family, they sat quietly and bowed their heads in prayer. Then as they ate, the fathers told of the day's work. After this came stories of the Volga, well-known tales, but loved no less, stories of the river that was so beautiful, and yet so treacherous at times.

They all sat in the moonlight telling stories until the children fell asleep and had to be carried into the huts. And when the lights of the city began to flicker out in the distance, the fathers and mothers too, went to rest.

This ended my day in a typical Volga village, in which the spirit and influence of the Volga itself is so keenly felt.

CHARLES BABEL, '28.

The Land of Dreams

When evening shadows fall,
Alone sometimes I sit,
In a quiet, lonely room,
By a candle dimly lit.

My eyes begin to close;
My thoughts run far and near,
Into the land of dreams,
Away from facts so drear.

I see a golden ship,
At anchor in the bay,
All sparkling like a jewel,
In the sun's last golden ray.

The ship begins to dim,
And soon all fades away.
Alas—'tis all a dream—
The ship, the light, the bay.

ALDONA BABEL, '28.

Types

Short skirts,
Chiffon hose,
Painted lips,
Powdered nose,
Rouged cheeks,
Bobbed hair,
Spike-heeled shoes—
A Flapper.

Wide trousers,
Colored socks,
Slickumed hair,
Broad rimmed felts,
Rainbow sweaters,
Fancy belts,
Painted slickers—
A Collegian.

KATHERINE ACTON, '28.

Playing the Game

A RED headed youngster stepped up to the plate and stood swinging his bat, a cheerful grin lighting his freckled face. "C'mon, gimme a nice one, Bozo," he called.

The pitcher threw the ball over. Freckles struck and missed. "Aw, that's aw right," he cried as he saw the pitcher grin. "I always do that. Kinda hate ta make the pitcher feel too cheap by hittin' the first pill he slams over."

Another ball and again Freckles swung his bat. He missed. "Strike two," called the umpire.

"S aw right," grinned Freckles. "'Snother one comin'."

It came. Freckles missed. "Strike three. Batter out!"

"Cheer up," said Freckles as he started back to the bench still wearing his cheerful grin. "I'll get up to bat again before the game's over."

No one watching him would have known how deeply he felt this second failure of his to make a hit, for he had struck out the first time, too.

The pitcher watched him. Then he turned to the first base man. "Say, Pete, that kid's all right. He plays the game."

"He plays the game." Just what does that mean? Freckles certainly didn't make a base hit, not even a foul. We have always been led to believe that it was an important part of a baseball game to make a base hit. Perhaps, then, the pitcher's remark has some other significance. Let us see if we can find it.

To begin with, what did Freckles do? Nothing? He certainly struck out. Most decidedly that was nothing that would win the game. After that, though, what did he do? Nothing? Oh, yes, he did. With a cheerful grin and a cheerful re-

mark, he went back to the bench. Twice, now, he had failed to help his team. People who have had this same experience can appreciate more deeply how he felt this than those who haven't can. They can appreciate what an effort it was for him not to show his hurt and anger toward the pitcher who struck him out. Older people than Freckles have given way and done this. Therefore, "he played the game" and he took his blows along with the best of them.

I wonder how many of us do "play the game." Many people do, for I have seen them do it. Perhaps I can give one or two examples of it.

At one time, two girls—I shall call them May and Ann—were striving for the same goal—to be editor-in-chief of the school paper. A trip which was to be taken in a few days would practically decide who had reached the goal. When the time came Ann was chosen to go. May immediately offered to help Ann get ready in any way she could. Of course, she was disappointed and perhaps a little hurt. Who wouldn't be? The main thing, however, is that she was fine enough to "play the game."

Then in the choice of a cast for a play this was shown. Everyone could not have a part of course and naturally everyone wanted a part. In most cases more persons than one were trying for the same part. All could not have it. Many of them had set their hearts on being in the play and it would be one of the keenest disappointments they ever experienced if they should lose out.

Now Ann and Grace were trying for the same part. When the cast was posted Ann had won the part. About Grace—well, all I hope is that I would have taken my defeat as gracefully as

she did. She was marvelous—she “played the game.”

Perhaps now we can understand better what “playing the game” is. To me it means the ability to accept defeat gracefully and have the courage and pluck to keep on trying. Every one of us has many opportunities to show that we “play the game”—but do we?

When we receive a low grade in a subject at school, what is our attitude? Do we say, “Perhaps I didn’t put enough effort into studying it. Next time I’ll do better” or “May be I do not understand the lesson. I’ll ask the teacher to explain it to me”? No! Nine times out of ten we say, “She doesn’t like me anyway, so how can I expect to get a good mark”?

Believe me, it takes a lot more “grit” to say “It was my own fault” than it does to blame someone else, but that’s “playing the game.”

Again, if we happen to be holding a position that has a good opportunity for advancement what a grand feeling it is. But if someone else gets the promotion—what then? Is it “Perhaps I am not ready yet”? No! “Aw he’s got a pull” is probably what we would say. That’s not “playing the game.” If we think he has a “pull” how much better it would be for us to keep quiet and show him we could get ahead without one. That’s “playing the game.”

Take Freckles’ case again. In practically every case it is the batter’s fault if

he strikes out—his inability to judge balls—but does he think so? Perhaps. Yet we can always find one who flings down his bat and turns on the umpire. “You dirty bum,” he yells, “that last one was a mile away from the plate!” Then to the pitcher, “Where d’ya think I am anyway? Down in South Car’line, ya big cheesehound?”

What a pleasant relief it is to find a person, who, like Freckles, can cheerfully say, “Next time I’ll do better.”

Of course, I am taking a rather pessimistic view of the way in which people react to their failures, but I have done it to show what sort of things count in “playing the game.” I am fully aware of the fact that many people “play the game” every day of their lives. Such people have my deepest respect, for it takes pluck to play the game.

When every thing goes wrong
Can you face life with a song?
If you can—
That’s playing the game.

When you lose your heart’s desire
Can you aim for something higher?
If you can—
That’s playing the game.

Can you wear a cheerful grin
Even if you do not win?
If you can—
That’s playing the game.

BARBARA ROBERTS, '27.

Two Men

Man with the wrinkled brow
Under the cloudy skies,
Wondering if he lives
After he dies.

Man with the smiling face,
Under the smiling sun,
Knowing his work’s complete
After he’s done.

EDWARD FLAHERTY, '29.

Lost in the Land of Physics

The City of Physics is on a hill;
The name of the hill is Knowledge.
'Tis a city of wonder and mystery
And on the Road to College.

'Twas in this city one day last fall
I chanced to lose my way.
I'm wandering yet and where I am
Is more than I can say.

I've wandered around for three long
terms
Not knowing where I was,
But I always came back to the same old
street,
The street of Effect and Cause.

I went up the Road of Solids
And down the Lane of Heat.
I went through the Gate of Expansion
And back to the same old street.

I am now in the Hall of Refraction,
Lost in the Building of Light.
I can't find the door to Reflection,
Though I've tried with all my might.

I don't know why I got lost here,
I guess it's because I'm just "dumb,"
But I'm waiting now to be rescued.
Won't some one please hurry and come?

PEARL FOSTER, '27.

"Ante Bellum"

Conversation between a farmer of the country and a man from the city on the train bound for Freeport, where Abraham Lincoln is to debate with Stephen A. Douglas.

Farmer: "Excuse me, mister, but is this seat taken?"

City Man: "Why no, sit down."

Farmer: "Thanks, purty hot ain't it?"

City Man: "Yes, 'specially on these rattletraps."

Farmer: "Rattletraps, is it? Ain't much better around these here parts."

City Man: "No, I reckon not. Everything is about the same in this neck of the woods."

Farmer: "Ye might think so, but wait till ye hear Abe Lincoln whip Steve Douglas terday over in Freeport."

City Man: "You really think that farmer can beat Douglas?"

Farmer: "Farmer or no farmer, he kin beat him."

City Man: "Douglas is a politician and a well educated man, but that gauky farmer didn't go to school long enough to spell his name."

Farmer: "He didn't huh? Abe's a right smart man, he is."

City Man: "That funny lookin' hayseed gets up in front of a crowd an' Douglas's got him beat right then. One look at him is enough. If they don't go home scared, they hang around to have a laugh; if he says anything he's the only one who knows what it's about cause he's the only one who isn't laffin'."

Farmer: "Hayseed? He talks United States anyhow, an' that's somethin' Douglas don't. Ef yer want ter know what he's talkin' about yer gotta carry a 'cyclopedia around with you. When Abe talks the people understand. He may not beat this slick lawyer man for Senate, but what's he care? He's lookin' for sumthin' bigger, an' ye kin mark my words."

City Man: "You can bet he'll never beat Steve for Senate. But what is this great ambition of his?"

Farmer: "I'll tell yuh, Mister Smarty-man—Abraham Lincoln will be President of the United States."

Co-operative Plan of Collegiate Education

A DESCRIPTION of the Co-operative Plan of Education as explained by Professor Milton J. Schlagenhauf, Director of Admissions at Northeastern University, was sent to us by the Assistant Director of Admissions a short while ago.

"Need of higher education in modern life is no longer open to doubt. Young men and women who have an opportunity to attend institutions of advanced learning and fail to avail themselves of the privilege seriously limit their chances of advancement.

A few generations ago only the wealthy were able to carry the financial burden of college; however, today the avenues of assistance, the co-operative plan being but one of the many, extend the privilege to all who are ambitious and who are willing to sacrifice certain pleasures temporarily for more ultimate values.

At the present time twenty-one colleges, Northeastern University of Boston, Massachusetts, being the largest in New England, are operated in part or wholly upon the co-operative plan. Allowing for particular adaptations for each school, the co-operative plan provides for alternate periods to be spent in college and at work in the industries. Students apply technical theory in industry before it is forgotten.

On the co-operative plan, two men 'M' and 'N' called alternates, enter school during the same academic year. 'M' enters in September and completes his freshman year by April 15: 'N' enters in January and completes his first year by

July 15. Both begin their sophomore year about the eighth of the following September.

'M' attends classes receiving his technical training for a period of five weeks while 'N' is engaged in the industries. These five-week periods continue throughout the year except for alternate six weeks' summer vacation. This is true for all years above the freshman year until commencement.

Students on the co-operative plan, during their working periods are paid employees of their respective firms and compensation is determined by the extent of the students' experience and training, but in no case is it below the minimum for a given academic year.

Employing firms are usually located within commuting distance of the student's home, which permits the student to live at home during the work period, thus reducing his living expenses.

Experience received is comparable with that which recent graduates of conventional schools obtain during the first two years following graduation.

The elements which effect close correlation between the technical training and practical work are: first, employers' reports to the Department of Co-operative Work on the progress, attitude, and success of the student. Second, all students at the beginning of every school period are required to hand in to the Department a written report on some phase of their practice. Third, during each week of each school period students assemble under faculty supervision in small sec-

tional conferences to discuss an oral report given by one or more of their number or by some industrial or professional expert. Examinations are held in this course the same as in those of more formal instruction.

At time of graduation the student has acquired not only a college education, but also the equivalent of two years of practical experience and is, therefore,

ready to retain on a full-time basis his co-operative job or begin a new one as an experienced man.

Entrance requirements of co-operative schools are the same as those for admission to conventional schools of collegiate grade and may most easily and clearly be learned from school catalogs which are usually sent free of charge upon request."

The Old Grandfather Clock

Tall, serene, majestic,
Towering on the stair
Ticking off the minutes,
How long have you been there?

Now, I see you standing;
Your pendulum swings to and fro,
Every hour summoned
By chimes so sweet and low.

Grandpa heard you ticking
When he was a boy;
Father watched your hands move
While playing with his toy.

While you've been standing there
Many a thing's gone wrong,
Many faces saddened
Or brightened by your song.

How long will you continue
To grace our family stair
Watching little children
And guarding their every care?

ELIZABETH BLAIR, '28.

Books

There is no frigate like a book
To bear us to lands away.

Emily Dickenson.

IN truth, there is nothing like a book to take our minds from our daily cares and send us into the land of Romance and Adventure.

From inside its covers is brought to us the universe—sunny Italy, romantic Spain, historic England, gay France and the mysterious Orient.

We walk down the Rue de la Paix ex-

claiming over superb creations of famous gown designers; we examine famous works of world renowned artists in the Louvre; pictures of long buried magnificence come to us as we dream at the graves of Mary and Elizabeth at Westminster Abbey. We are awed at the magnificence and beauty of the St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome. We dream

of long-forgotten heroism at the ruins of the famous Greece of long ago.

We gaze enviously at the magnificent colleges and libraries in Germany, and sigh pensively at the tune of a Spanish guitar while dreaming of knights of old in beautiful Madrid. We gaze astonished at the wonderful buildings of India, China and Japan and marvel at the richness and magnificence of their palaces.

We travel with a bold adventurer into Africa's wilderness. We sail the high seas with a mighty buccaneer of old or a Newport millionaire in his yacht.

We sit with an innocent maiden in her moonlit garden or a famous court beauty of long ago in her ill-gotten magnificence.

We gain an insight into the daily life of kings. We follow the intricate machinery of the government in a European monarchy or the American democracy.

We have adventures with Marines on duty, soldiers in training, coast guards

and officers of the law, detectives and law breakers at their work.

We meet the gay French peasant, the dignified English nobility, the pensive Russian outcast, the smiling Italian signors and signoras, and the mysterious slant-eyed Oriental. In short, we become acquainted with everything and everybody. The world's door is open to us, inviting us to enter and explore.

We read the lives of great men and learn what made them great, taking the best from each of them and moulding our character from the ideal we have made.

We see their struggles and how they overcame them, teaching us success is not for the taking but must be worked for.

The best the world has to offer is in the grasp of a lover of books and one who loves to read will never be lonely for he can always find solace and companionship in his books.

EDNA LARSON.

A Study in Transformation

THE war was on! The two parties were very peaceful when alone and in their own element, but when they encountered each other they fought like mad. The fighting was heavy and without noise. That was the strangest thing about the whole procedure—the lack of noise. No quarter was asked—or given. The combatants fought on, furious, raging, and always that oppressing silence. The battle told after a while and a great many of each side were dead. Those who remained were slowly but surely tearing each other apart. The sight was sickening, but even then no sound of suffering could be heard. They were brave, these soldiers, and they had been well trained.

Suddenly, the funny thing happened—the thing that made one realize that this was a strange kingdom. The armies had been fighting well up to this time—their co-ordination was excellent—every man did what he was supposed to and did it well. But now, suddenly, each army seemed to split. They acted as if angry with the failure of their side to conquer and then—the strangest thing of all—the halves of each army seemed to be mutually attracted and they united. Then to cap the climax, the newly formed body turned and rent the on-lookers. That was the last straw. The battle lessened after that. The armies seemed reconciled, but that which had formed the group of on-lookers was no more—the

united body had destroyed all traces of their appearance.

Then, the voice of the man brought Bob out of his reverie. "It's all over now," he said, "they will be quiet now

because all of their strength is gone," and then, as an after thought," that was a good experiment on ionization. Don't forget to write it up and put it in your note book."

W. C. FAY, '27.

Relations

THERE was a time that I did not appreciate relations so much as I do now. I used to dread going into the room where they were seated and passing under the admiring gaze of the "vast multitude." I lost all heart when I heard a voice say, "who is the great big man? It can't be John. Oh! it is. Why, John, I didn't recognize you at first; you've grown to be such a big boy. Come over to see aunty." I went over and saw aunty and then uncle, and then tried to escape, but was halted by my mother's voice saying "John, why don't you take your little cousin and play tiddle de winks? You know how to play tiddle de winks don't you, Elizabeth? You don't? Well, Cousin John will be glad to teach you. Run along now and play." I would go in to the next

room and tell her to stay, while I went and told the fellows that I didn't feel well. How could I tell them I was going to play tiddle de winks with a girl? Once I left her in the room alone and went out with the fellows. But when I came home—well, how would you feel if you were spanked so hard you just had to cry even if you didn't want to, before a girl who had such a sense of humor that she thought the sight of me crying humorous enough to laugh at?

Still, all relations aren't that way. There are uncles who always have a new baseball or something else more to the liking of boys than girl cousins, and grandmothers who insist on filling you up on cookies, when you come to visit them.

RUSSEL CROSBY.

Fire Fancies

The shadows of evening creep round,
The dancing flames leap higher,
And I catch the gleam of a wondrous dream
In the heart of the rosy fire.

There are lovely flaming fairies
In the fire, that I see,
That spring from out its golden heart,
To come and dance for me.

There are little elves and goblins
And dungeons deep and black
Where tiny withered gnomes run round—
A pack upon each back.

No need to search the whole world round
For wonders bright and fair,
Just look within your fire,—
I think you'll find them there.

EDITH BURKE, '28.

The Pirate Speaks to the Sea

"You're a treacherous sea," said the
pirate bold
As he spoke to the sea he would sail,
"For many good men you have swallowed
up,
And never told me a tale.

"They have sailed the seas before the
mast,
With me, as their captain true.
And have gone to their death, like gallant
men
To stay forever with you.

"Tell me, I pray, how you treat my men
In your lockers down below,
Do you treat them fair, with a kind re-
spect?
(They should be treated so.)

"And this is the reason I ask, my
friend—
Or perhaps my enemy—
They were the best and truest men,
Who have sailed in a century.

"I entreat you thus, to take good care
Of these men of mine below,
For soon I will join my crew and you
In that land where my sailors go."

CLIFFORD NELSON, '27.

Asking for a Raise

ONE of the most awkward moments in any conscientious worker's life is the time when he asks for a raise in his salary. Many people think nothing of asking for a raise, because they may be the kind who think their work is worth more than they are paid. I think it is really the conscientious person, the one who does his work faithfully and diligently, that hesitates to ask the boss for an increase.

I recollect quite accurately an incident which occurred some years ago when Jim Dudley, our office boy, asked Mr. Davis for higher wages. At that time I was working in the "Boston Transportation Co." as an accountant and the crowd that made up our office force was a pretty decent sort. Jim was one of those jolly, carefree, happy-go-lucky chaps who always did his work faithfully

without asking foolish questions, and as a result everyone liked him.

One day Jim came to me and said he thought he'd ask Mr. Davis for a raise, because he found that he needed more money. Jim was working his way through college at that time. I told him to go right ahead, for if anyone needed promotion or higher wages it was Jim Dudley. Of course I didn't doubt that Mr. Davis would readily agree to giving him a raise.

Well, it got to be five o'clock and Jim went up to Mr. Davis' desk and waited for his manager's attention. I could see Dudley was rather excited and I hoped he wouldn't bungle and make a show of himself.

When Mr. Davis was through with his work, he turned to Dudley and said, "What can I do for you, Jim?" Dudley started and turned as red as a beet. The

next minute he was stammering and suddenly he said, "May I b-b-borrow an eraser? I've l-lost mine."

What had happened to Jim Dudley? It didn't seem possible that he didn't have will power enough to ask for what he really deserved.

On the way home I asked him if he had changed his mind about the raise. "Well, it's this way," said Jim, "I didn't see any reason why I should complain about my work, and Mr. Davis would surely have asked me if I was dissatisfied with it."

I persuaded Dudley, however, that he deserved a raise and to go ahead and ask for it. "Mr. Davis won't refuse," I said in conclusion.

The next day I saw Jim go up to Mr. Davis' desk and here's what I heard, "Mr. Davis, I am very anxious to to—oh, I beg your pardon. Can I help you? Yes it's a very fine day. Sir, I am very anxious to—to continue my—my college course and I find I n-need more m-money, so I thought I'd ask y-you for a r-raise." At last it was out, but what a time the poor boy had. I could hear Mr. Davis chuckling and suddenly he got up and, slapping Dudley on the back, said "My boy, I can easily guess what you want. Of course you may have a raise, for if anyone deserves it, you do."

Imagine Jim's surprise, and the look of gratitude that spread over his face!

SYLVIA PAAJANEN, '28.

Memories of a School Book

WELL, I guess my days are over, I heard them saying today that they were going to burn all us old fellows up. It was a great life while it lasted though, and I'll never regret it. I'll never forget the different boys and girls who have carried me home night after night and who then forgot to study me. My poor back is so covered with boys' and girls' names, hearts and arrows, and funny sayings that it's a wonder I have borne up all these years. Then on page sixty-seven is that note Pat Murphy was showing Izzy Reubenson when he was caught by Miss Spinster and made to come back every night for a week. There was one girl whom I liked especially well, and her name was Mary Baldwin. She never forgot me or abused me in any way; at night she used to sit up and study me until I thrilled under her very touch. I used to help her out, too, by making the most important facts stand out and shine in her eyes.

I had my share of close calls, too. There's the time Baldy dropped me in the waste basket, and I was taken to the boiler room. The janitor was just going to throw me into the fire when he felt my hard back and pulled me out. Then he looked in the front of me and found my number (sure, we're all licensed you know!) and sent me to the office. The next day Baldy came to the office saying he had lost his book, and was much bewildered when I was handed to him.

Yes, sir, I've had lots of adventures and passed through many kinds of hands. There are those who have studied me, those who have thrown me aside, and those who have used me as a blind, while reading other books. Anyway, I'll always have the memories of the good old days when I was one of the books in the Norwood High School.

WILLARD COTTRELL.

Mystery Plays

Stage just partially lighted—
Corpses all over the place—
Figures of phantoms sighted—
Drama and laughter apace.

Detectives, villains and crazed men—
Audience howling with glee—
Suspense—till finally the curtain
Clears up the deep mystery.

KENNETH REARDON, '28.

Fate

Friendship started—life worth living,
Many happy days ensue.
Love is kindled—work a pleasure,
Always happy, never blue.

Friendship broken—life is worthless,
Love is dead within the heart.
Never pleasant—never happy,
And the best of friends must part.

Like a serpent—slyly creeping
Is the cruel monster "Fate,"
Breaking friendships—kindling hatred,
Leaving enmity and hate.

ELEANOR DONAHUE, '28.

At Twilight

As I sit by my window at twilight,
Scanning the starry sky,
I think I see many objects,
Dancing before my eye.

Beautiful snow topped mountains,
Sunny valleys, hills, and dales,
Birds of gorgeous colors,
Ships with their large winged sails.

And as I sit in the twilight,
These beautiful things to me
May be seen by people who travel
In lands across the sea.

KATHERINE GRIFFIN, '27.

Spring

The dreary winter now is past,
And lovely spring has come at last.
It greets us with its budding flowers
And warm and sudden April showers.
The joyous birds now reappear,

And fill the air with mirth and cheer.
Their sweet toned songs in early morn
Make all folks rise at early dawn,
And now that spring has come to stay,
Let's all rejoice by being gay.

RUTH PETERSON, '29.

Our New Library

WITH the opening of the new Norwood High School a facility which we long have needed was provided for, namely, the school library. This library is on the second floor of the building, and is a large, well-ventilated room, equipped with the most modern library conveniences. This equipment includes, a circulation desk, an information file where articles and notes of interest are kept on file, a dictionary and card catalog. The library has a shelf capacity of 5000 books, while our collection numbers around 850. Besides the books that are strictly reference, such as, the encyclopedias and dictionaries, there is the fiction shelf, the science and biography shelves. The library accommodates about sixty pupils; this makes possible a new course in our curriculum, namely, a course in Books and Libraries. The purpose of this course is to acquaint the student with the use of books and library procedure. In conjunction with this course we have a Library Council which gives the pupils an opportunity for actual

experience in the workings of the school library. There are various committees in the council and the chairmen of each committee make up the executive committee. One committee is the Magazine Committee which attends to the filing and recording of the magazines as they arrive weekly and monthly. Another committee is the Circulation Committee whose duty it is to charge the books as they are taken out and returned. There are many advantages of a high school library, and the establishment of such a facility in the school is a growing movement. Most new schools that are being built today are placing libraries in the building. Some of the cities with school libraries already established in their school systems are, Quincy, Haverhill, Fall River, Somerville. Let every pupil of the Norwood High School frequent the library and thus assure its successful continuance in the future.

EDNA BATEMAN, '27,

ELIZABETH MACGLASHEN, '27,

ROSE PERLMUTTER, '27.

Spring in the Mountains

IT was a beautiful day in early spring. The sun shone down from a clear sapphire sky. A small river sparkling and winding its way to a lake reflected the beautiful blue above. The river now and then disappeared, coming into sight again by falling over a small ledge that made a shining, splashing waterfall. Occasionally one could see a small deer standing ankle deep in the river, drinking thirstily.

On the side of a small lake, hidden

deep in the mountains, nestled a little old-fashioned village. Its inhabitants did not number more than two hundred, and they were very quaint. The shining spire of the only church rose high and majestically above the roofs which were glistening under the fast warming sun. A dilapidated schoolhouse of dull green stood a short way from the church. It, too, had a spire from which an old cracked bell was hung. It was quiet, peaceful and it was spring—Spring in all its glory.

EDITH BURKE, '28.

The Soldier

He was only a boy, this soldier lad,
Filled with fervor, love, and life.
So eager to serve his country's com-
mand,
Facing gallantly war's strife.

And then as he stood in the muddy trench,
Awaiting the word to go,
His thoughts turned back to days long
ago,
When—"Ready!" He faced his foe!

All is at peace, the cannon is stilled,
The battle is fought and won!
A little white cross marks a resting place,
The soldier lad's work is done.

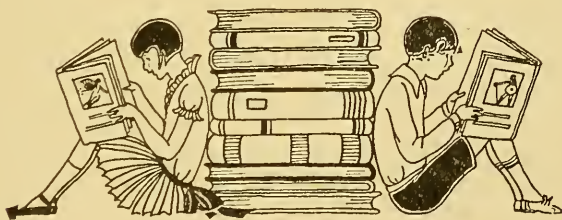
MARGARET EISENHAUER, '29.

An Apology

I apologize to the readers of "The Arguenot" for having submitted the poem, "The Bird and the Rose," which

was not my own work, to the February issue of "The Arguenot."

CECELIA SHERMAN, '29.





The Revision of Senate Rules

JUST before the United States Senate adjourned on March 4, of this year, Vice-President Dawes reprimanded them for their tactics. He said, "The chair regards the results of the present legislative session as primarily due to the defective rules of the Senate. This is the only great parliamentary body in the world where such a situation exists." In the last few days of the session a long filibuster succeeded in preventing the "Boulder Dam" project from going through, and also it prevented a vote on the question of extending the term of the "Campaign Funds Investigation Committee." The filibuster on the last bill was carried on chiefly by Senator David Reed of Pennsylvania, who talked for many hours on such subjects as "the death of Jefferson Davis" and the causes of the Revolutionary War. By this long filibuster, in addition to many short ones, the Senate was prevented from voting on such bills as the one carrying money for the army loans for veterans, and adjust-

ment of pensions, although the Senate wished to consider them. It is agreed that the Senate wished to vote on these bills, but it was literally helpless, as far as getting any action was concerned.

However, it is useless to blame the men who caused the filibuster, for as long as it is legal, they have the right to do it. The fault lies in the rules of the Senate, and incidentally in the people who elect Senators who are not willing to sacrifice their own dignity and importance for the welfare of the country. A rule has been proposed which limits the time allowed a Senator to speak on a certain bill. Nevertheless, this would not be a good solution of the problem, for it would detract from the dignity of the Senate, and it would not permit the needed discussion of bills.

The solution of the problem lies in the adoption by Congress of the "Norris Amendment." This bill provides for the elimination of the short session, with Congress taking office on the first of

January following election. The President would also be inaugurated on this day. This bill would eliminate the "lame ducks," and stop the practice of having newly elected legislators wait thirteen months before taking office. A filibuster is effective only when the time of the session is limited. By removing the restrictions on the closing date of Congress, both houses would be allowed

to stay in session until business was finished. The antique rules of the Senate, which were made when it took five or six months to go to Washington from some states in the South, should be revised, by the addition of this amendment to the Constitution, thus preventing the repetition of this year's spectacle in Congress.

EDMUND G. CAINE, '27.

The Possibility of War Between France and Italy

DURING the last few weeks the staff correspondents of the United Press and the Associated Press stationed in France and Italy have sent reports of the strained relations between those countries. In some of these articles it is predicted that an armed conflict between these two great Latin countries may soon occur. We Americans cannot understand how two great nations can countenance such feelings, after the havoc which the World War wrought in their respective lands.

At the head of each nation are found able and forceful men. In Italy, the powerful and militaristic Mussolini is the leader, while in France the affairs are directed by the fiery Poincaré. Both of these men hold strong nationalistic views which may lead to serious developments between the two nations.

France looks at the negotiations between Mussolini and the Balkans with suspicious eyes. The Franco-Italian Alps where the frontiers of both countries

meet may soon be the scene of conflict. The supremacy of the Mediterranean might prove another source of conflict between the two nations.

Military disarmament has not found favor in either of these countries. France has probably the strongest army in the world, while Mussolini has mapped out a program of military upbuilding which will make Italy a close second. Neither Italy nor France look with favor upon naval disarmament on the Mediterranean Sea. Each country is exerting great energy in the building of modern war-craft. Such furious competition between two nations cannot in the opinion of many have a peaceful ending.

The people of the New World, realizing the horror of the World War, look for a peaceful settlement between the two sister nations. Let Americans watch future developments between these nations, for whatever happens will in some way have its effect on our own nation.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, '27.



A Call to Arms (1861)

(*Note. The papers that follow take us back to the Civil War period.*)

ARISE, you men of the South! The ravaging forces of the North are sweeping down over your beloved soil. Will you sit comfortable when your homes, your mothers, and your sweet-hearts are in danger? Benjamin Franklin once said, "Unite or die." Such is the case now: every man must give his best to the cause, or we shall fail.

We are right in our decision. We cannot do without the slave. The very essence of our existence depends upon this institution. The autocrats of the North are jealous of our prosperity. They desire to hit, not at slavery, but at our existence.

The war lords of the North will soon be upon us trying to force us into submission. But we must not submit! They claim that it was unconstitutional to secede, but we recognize no constitution when our lives are threatened. They claim that we had no right to make alliances, that the Constitution forbids it.

But when we made those alliances we were no longer a part of the Union.

Justice must prevail. We cannot let might be right. If we fail we shall be oppressed by the opponents of slavery. We will fall into economic ruin from which we will never recover. If the war lords of the North overcome us, we shall be subject to any and every restriction that they place upon us. The indignities suffered at the hands of England will be naught compared to those imposed by these tyrants.

These men of the North are not your brothers as they claim. Would a brother attempt to ruin financially his own kin? No, never! No, these men are not your brothers. Arise and sweep this menace from your native soil or know that your ruin is inevitable. The South needs you and the South will fail without you. Arise, you men of the South, arise!

W. C. FAY, '27.

The Right of Secession (1860)

NO more rash and radical a move could have been made than that made by the states of South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and Texas a few days ago. South Carolina being the first one to secede the others have followed suit in an attempt to settle, to their own liking, the slavery controversy. We Northerners believe that these states had no right to secede, and furthermore, we are determined to do all in our power to hold together this nation which our forefathers fought for so bravely. Did they not fight for a nation as a whole? To be sure it

was a smaller nation than it now is, but it was the whole nation they sought to free, not any separate state.

Whose money bought Florida—Florida's? No, it was the money of the United States. Then what right has Florida to declare herself free and independent of those United States which purchased her? Far dearer than money are human lives. Many men gave up their lives in the late war with Mexico—this was the cost of Texas. Then has Texas the right to denounce that union whose men bought her with their own life-blood? It can easily be seen that

something must be done, and done quickly if the Union is to be preserved.

Besides the rashness of secession, there is also the unconstitutionality of the move to be taken into consideration. We cannot find a single article or clause in the Constitution which gives a state the right to secede. But we bring to your attention Article I, Section 10, Paragraph 3 which readily proves that no state has the right to separate herself from the Union. The article reads thus: "No State shall, without the consent of

Congress, keep troops or Ships of War in time of Peace or enter into any Agreement or Compact with another State." Such a statement can surely be interpreted in no other way than denying the right of secession; in fact, that is one of the acts which was probably in the minds of the framers of the Constitution when they wrote the foregoing article. Therefore, some attempt must be made, and made at once, to hold together our Union.

RUTH M. DAVIS '27.

A Trip to the State House

ON Wednesday, March the twenty-third, a group of Seniors made a trip to the State House in Boston. The main purpose of the trip was to see the legislative bodies of Massachusetts in session.

When the students arrived at the State House they were first escorted to the Senate Chambers. The first part of the session was not on the whole interesting, because it dealt only with the first and third reading of bills and was largely a matter of form. But the students were impressed with the dignity of the body and the way legislation was carried on.

From the Senate Chambers the group proceeded to the House of Representatives. It was at once noted that this body lacked the dignity of the Senate. More conversation and more laxity were allowed both on the floor and in the galleries. The students were interested in three ways of taking a vote by the House namely: 1. by roll-call; 2. by volume of sound; and 3. by standing. Another interesting fact was that three women had seats in the House of Representatives.

After the group left the House of Representatives they were taken in hand by a

guide well versed in everything pertaining to the history of the State House. He led them to the Executive Chambers and Council Room where everyone had the honor of sitting in the Governor's chair and handling the gavel, a relic of the Constitution, once wielded by Calvin Coolidge when he was Chief Executive of the Commonwealth. All the features of the room were minutely explained by the guide.

But a greater honor was in store for the students. They were permitted to shake hands with the Governor, who received them most cordially. This is an honor that is not bestowed on every group.

The numerous busts and statues that adorn the walls of the State House were explained to the group by their guide who possessed a wonderful memory of historical dates and data. The stained glass windows and paintings evoked much admiration.

The beautiful Hall of Flags was then inspected by the group who were greatly impressed with its beauty of architecture and the value of its relics. Enclosed in glass cases are the flags of Massachusetts

regiments who participated in the various wars of our nation.

In conjunction with the trip to the State House on Beacon Hill a few of the group visited the Old State House. Here countless relics of the Revolutionary and Civil War periods of our history were seen by the students.

At the conclusion of the journey through the State House on Beacon Hill and the Old State House the group felt that they were well repaid for making the trip in knowledge gained and enjoyment.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, '27.



FOREIGN LANGUAGE

Les Fleurs Miraculeuses de
Pierre

Pierre était un garçon français de neuf ans. Il arriva en Amérique avec sa mère qui était très malade. Ils n'avaient pas d'argent et Pierre et sa pauvre mère sont allés rester dans une maison très misérable dans laquelle un bon monsieur leur avait permis de demeurer. Sa mère était pâle, faible et elle toussait souvent. Elle ne pouvait pas travailler et Pierre était trop petit pour mettre à l'ouvrage, de sorte qu'ils étaient sans secours absolument. Ils n'avaient ni argent ni amis parce qu'ils étaient de nouveaux arrivés de France il n'y avait que peu de semaines.

"Ma mère, ma chérie," cria Pierre fondant en larmes. "Que ferons-nous maintenant?"

"Le Seigneur seul le sait, mon cher fils. Lui qui nous a donné la vie, il saura comment prendre soin de nous. Calme-toi mon précieux," répondit sa mère.

"Mais, vous avez besoin de la médecine, et de bonnes choses à manger pour vous rendre votre santé ma bonne mère," dit Pierre en baisant les mains tremblantes de sa mère.

"Non, mon fils, la seule chose que je désire, c'est quelqu'un qui prendra soin de toi après que je suis partie," dit elle avec les yeux remplis de larmes. "Vous ne pouvez pas me laisser seul," s'écria Pierre. Pierre pleura et après quelques moments il se décida d'aller à la ville trouver de l'ouvrage. Il sortit de la chambre disant, au revoir à sa mère. Sa mère demanda à Pierre où il allait, et il répondit qu'il allait à la ville et qu'il reviendrait bientôt.

Il alla à la ville et se promena par toutes parties de la grander rue. Il

s'avança devant un grand magasin de fleurs et voyant un homme dans le magasin, il y entra.

"Mon bon monsieur, soyez mon ami, donnez-moi des fleurs et après que je les ai vendues, je vous rendrai l'argent que j'ai reçu pour vos fleurs," dit Pierre.

"Mais, ne désires-tu pas faire cela pour rien, mon petit garçon," dit le vieux homme.

"Non, je ne désire pas travailler pour rien, je m'y attends à quelque chose pour mon travail," répondit Pierre.

"C'est bien," dit l'homme. "Je vous donnerai des fleurs et après que tu les aies rendues, tu recevras un dollar pour ton travail."

Pierre remercia l'homme et recevant un grand bouquet de fleurs, il partit.

Il arriva devant un grand café et cria, "Des fleurs, des fleurs, de jolies fleurs!"

Une jolie dame avança, et dit, "Donnez-moi une douzaine de vos fleurs."

Pierre regarda dans les yeux de cette jeune dame et dit, "Oh, je suis si heureux."

"Pourquoi?" demanda la dame.

Après s'être expliqué, la dame le laissa et entra dans le café. C'était une danseuse française de ce café, qui avait dit à Pierre de venir la soirée prochaine dans le café avec beaucoup de fleurs.

Ce soir-là arrivé, Pierre alla de bonne heure se mettre devant la porte du café avec des fleurs encore plus jolies que les premières. De la belle musique se faisait entendre dedans. Pierre était très fatigué car il n'avait pas dormi toute la nuit passée parce que sa mère avait été très malade cette nuit-là. Etant fatigué et entendant de la belle musique Pierre alors s'endormit avant que la dame arrive.

Pierre! Pierre! Où es-tu? cria-t-elle. Enfin elle aperçoit Pierre endormi sur l'appui de la fenêtre.

"Sss" dit-elle.

La foule écouta.

"Je ne désire pas de fleurs ce soir à moins que les fleurs soient achetées de ce garçon qui s'est endormi sur l'appui de la fenêtre-là. Bientôt la foule commença à prendre les fleurs de Pierre et à mettre leurs pièces d'or dans le chapeau de Pierre.

Pierre s'éveilla et trouva son chapeau rempli d'argent. La dame prit Pierre à la main et ils partirent pour la maison de Pierre.

Comme Pierre est heureux avec tout l'argent et sa mère ayant de la médecine devient mieux et dès maintenant, elle a beaucoup de bonnes choses à manger et de plus une très bonne amie, Madame La Plante qui sera toujours bonne envers eux et qui aura toujours l'oeil sur eux pour voir qu'ils aient toujours ce dont ils ont besoin.

CHARLES BABEL, '28.

Le Printemps

Oh, c'est le printemps
La mielleure saison de l'année
Le fermier est dans le champ
Parce que l'hiver a passé.

Le petit oiseau chante dans l'arbre
Les belles fleurs ont déjà fleuri
Les jours chands sont venus sans nombre
Car le froid est parti.

ADDIE R. CUSHING, '29.

Un Artiste

Quand j'étais à Paris l'été dernière, j'ai vu et entendu un artiste qui est très fameux. Il était un chanteur français. Pendant que j'étais au theatre, je l'ai entendu chanter plusieurs chansons. Un tel voix je n'ai jamais entendu auparavant.

Après qu'il avait fini ses chansons, moi, comme beaucoup d'autres américains, je suis allé le féliciter. Je venais à demander à l'artiste de la politique en France; et après je l'ai questionné plus, j'ai trouvé qu'il avait fait la connaissance de mon père, qui s'intéresse beaucoup à la politique française.

Alors, l'artiste m'a a dit, à mon grand surpris, qu'il était mon parrain. Quand j'ai appris cela, j'étais content que je fusse allé le féliciter.

A. E. MICKUNAS, '27.

Mon Trousseau de Clefs d'Or

J'ai un trousseau de clefs d'or
Que j'emploie tous les jours
"Bon Jour," je cris quand je vous vois
Le soir je dis "Au Revoir."

A table j'emploie "S'il Vous Plait"
Et le petit clef "Merci"
"Excusez-moi," "Pardon" aussi
Tous sont mes chers amis.

Si mes clefs d'or vous employiez
D'aucune manière que vous pouvez
Je suis sûr que vous serez
Beaucoup, beaucoup aimés.

ALDONA BABEL, '28.

Le Mont St. Michel

Se dressant de la mer vers le ciel est une petite ile, au sommet de laquelle se trouve une abbaye fameuse. La forteresse qui cerne l'abbaye est très vieille mais tres forte. Le rocher se compose de granit ferragineux, pailleté de mika.

Le Mont St. Michel est situe dans le Baie du St. Michel et l'ile est joint au cote de la France par un digue insubmersible. Cette digue, qui a 1.930 metres de long, fut construite par l'Etat en 1880, et enleve malheureusement beaucoup du charme special de cette abbaye fameuse.

L'occupation des habitants de cette petite ile est la pêche. La mer a ici abondance de poissons mais il faut que les pecheurs prennent garde parce que les marées sont très hautes et très rapides. Si rapides en effet qu'elles peuvent devancer un cheval qui gallope.

A cause des hautes marées, des brumes épaisses, et des sables mouvants, un voyageur ne doit pas sortir sans guide, mais la belle abbaye et les habitants intéressants rendent très instructif un voyage à cette ile. La prochaine fois que vous serez en France ne manquez pas de visiter le Mont Saint Michel.

SAMUEL E. STEELE, '27.

En Madrid

Madrid es una ciudad cosmopolita. Está ciudad tiene dos rasgos característicos. Uno es la vida de la Puerta del Sol, el otro, la vida de la corte.

La Puerta del Sol se ha convertido ahora en una plaza inmensa que constituye el centro de la vida madrileña. Se ven allí edificios, tiendas y muchos cafés. Por la Puerta pasan todas las horas del día y de la noche coches, automoviles, antiguos y modernos. Allí, también los madrileños pasan horas de ocio pasándose, hablando, charlando de política de literatura, en una palabra es la vida del mundo madrileño.

Doce de las calles de mas importances de la ciudad salen de la Puerta de Sol.

La Calle Alcalá, que es la más ancha y hermosa de Madrid es una de ellas. El Banco de España, iglesias de moda, hoteles lujosos y tiendas hermosas estan allí! El parque de Madrid se halla también en esta calle. Una otra famosa calle es la Calle Mayor de que hemos entendidos con frecuencia esta semana. Aqui en esta calle los reyes Alfonso XIII y Victoria Eugenia estuvieron a punto de

perder la vida por una bomba lanzó por un anarquista. Cerca de la Calle Mayor se halla la Plaza Mayor. Al fin de esta calle se halla la Plaza de Oriente; en el centro de la cual se levanta la estatua de piedra de los reyes godos. En el fondo se divisa el Palacio Real que contiene una biblioteca de unos cien mil libros, impresos y manuscritos.

Madrid tiene un clima desagradable. Hace mucho frio en el invierno es muy, muy calor en el verano. Hoy un refran que dice:

“El aire de Madrid es tan sutil

Que mata a un hombre y no apaya un candil.”

No hay entendido decir el refrán, quien no ha vista Sevilla no ha visto nada? De Madrid así se dice; “De Madrid al cielo, y en el cielo una ventanilla para ver a Madrid.”

ELLEN KOIVU, '28.

La Primavera

Los largos y frios meses del invierno han pasado y la primavera ha elegado con todo su hermosura. Muchos pájaros han venido del Sur y cantan dichosamente mientras haciendo sus nidos en los árboles. En las busques y los campos los flores principian aparecer en los vestidos tan vistosos. Mientras los ríos pequeños cantan feliz todos los días como corren sobre las piedras. Felices muchachas y muchachos saltan y jagan a la palota fuera de casa.

Qué hermosa la casa pequeña en el campo mira en la primavera! Con sus jardines pequeños que tienen flores. Ella está tan hermosa como un palacio. Todas personas gustan cuando la primavera viene y los largos meses del invierno han pasado por cuatro o cinco meses a los menos.

KATHERINE D. GRIFFIN, '28.

Día Fantasia

Algunnos son personas muy extrañas. Por ejemplo, tome Ud. la clase cuarto de nuestra escuela. En un día de cada año observa una costumbre que se llama "día fantasía." En vez de ser contento que no son fantasías, los alumnos de esta clase tratan de serlos. Se visten en tal ropas cómicas que todos los otros alumnos tienen que reírse de ellos. Aun los maestros no pueden prohibirse de reír, y se gozan con los demás.

Aunque sé que esta costumbre es muy loco, en proximo "día fantasía," yo, mismo, seré uno de los fantasías.

ROSE PERLMUTTER, '27.

Los Dos Hijos

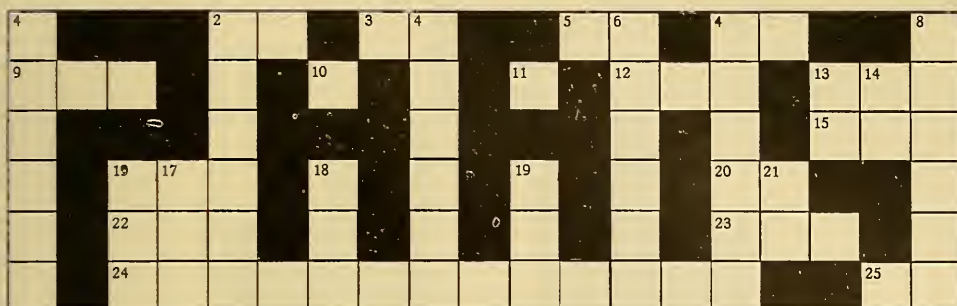
Un hombre tenía dos hijos quiénes despues de su muerte, debían recibir cada uno su parte del dinero. Dejo también

un regalo de treinta mil pesetas en oro a él que le querer más. El hijo mayor le levanto un tumba que todo el mundo admiró. El más joven dio un parte de su herencia a su hermana para acrecentar su dote. Todas las personas decían que el mayor querido más a su padre, el más joven querido más a su hermano.

El abogado envió por los dos hijos uno tras uno. Dijo al mayor, "Su padre no es muerto. Volvera en poco dias." "Gracias a Dios," contesto el mayor," pero hay un tumba que me ha costado caro."

El abogado dijo entonces la misma cosa al más joven. "Gracias a Dios," dijo él, "voy a devolver a mi padre todo lo que tiene, pero me gustaría que diese a mi hermano lo que le ha dado. "Vd. me da mucho gusto en entender eso. Vd. no devuelve nada y Vd. hará los tres mil pesetas lo que es en justo a Vd. Es Vd. que quiere más a su padre.





La Devinette De Paris

VERTICAL

1. Un pays d'Europe.
2. Le nom de baptême.
4. L'état de n'avoir rien à faire.
6. Demeura, habita.
7. Troisième personne présent de "vendre de nouveau."
8. Votre nation.
10. Préposition.
11. Adverbe de lieu.
13. Terminaison de l'infinitif.
14. Une partie du verbe "rire."
16. Participe passé, féminin, du verbe signifiant "percevoir."
17. Conjonction anglaise.
18. Adverbe négatif.
19. Adjectif possessif.
21. Pronom personnel.

HORIZONTAL

2. Participe passé du verbe exprimant la possibilité.
3. Pronom personnel sujet.
5. Métal précieux.
7. Participe passé du verbe qui rime avec "lire."
9. Un chef d'état.
12. La première femme.
13. Troisième personne singulier futur d'un verbe de mouvement.
15. Troisième personne singulier présent du verbe qui exprime la gaieté.
16. Instrument employé autrefois pour nettoyer les grains.
20. Conjonction.
22. Numéral cardinal espagnol.
23. Adjectif ou pronom indéfini.
24. Prénom et nom d'un poète moderne très populaire pour ses drames. Un de ses héros a un nez extraordinaire.
25. Article.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

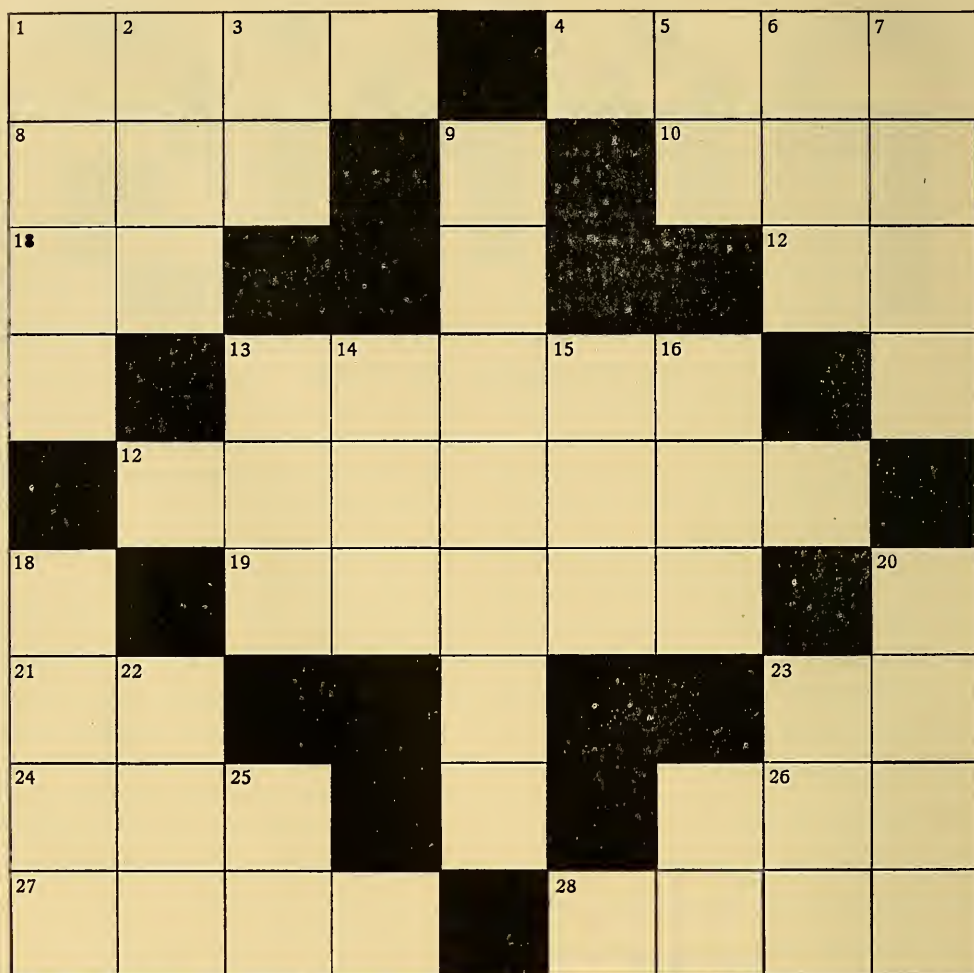
1. Any pupil in first or second year French and Spanish may compete. Third year students are not eligible.

2. All solutions must be in by April 14.

3. Submit solutions to Puzzle Editor, Miss Abbie Tobin, Room 103, or to Miss Mackedon, Room 202.

4. In case of two or more pupils submitting the correct solution, they will draw for the prize.

5. Winning solutions will be chosen, not only for accuracy, but also for neatness and care.



Rompecabeza

HORIZONTAL

1. Número.
4. Contrario de barato.
8. Verbo de sentido.
10. Jefe del Gobierno español.
11. Pronombre.
12. Reflexivo.
13. Si eres cazador, haces esto.
17. Empleamos los ojos.
19. Contrario de "recibirán."
21. Interjección.
23. Preposición.

24. Letra del alfabeto.
26. Artículo.
27. Contrario de "enfermo."
28. Lugar donde vivimos.

VERTICAL

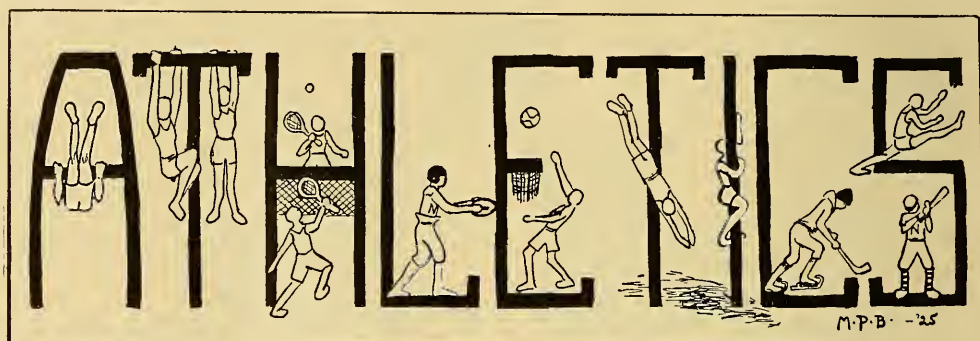
1. Sinónimo de "coge."
2. Lo que Vd. hace, leyendo los chistes.
3. Terminación de muchos verbos.
5. Lo que quitamos para formar el presente.

- | | |
|--|----------------------------------|
| 6. Vaca o buey. | 16. Forma del verbo "ser." |
| 7. Para esto, empleas el oído. | 18. Haces esto en la clase. |
| 9. Aquí escribimos con tiza. | 20. Cosa importante al mediodía. |
| 13. Héroe español. | 22. Parte de un pájaro. |
| 14. El campesino hace esto antes de sembrar. | 23. Contrario de "tomas." |
| 15. Persona que dirige una casa. | 25. Preposición. |
| | 26. Pronombre. |

What Do You Know?

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. When was Norwood incorporated as a town? | 14. What is the oldest school now in use? How old is it? |
| 2. Of what town was it formerly a part? | 15. What old school, still standing, was once the Senior High School? |
| 3. What is the derivation of Norwood's name? | 16. What type of architecture is the new Senior High School? |
| 4. What is Norwood's oldest street? | 17. What State School building, recently erected, is of the same architecture? |
| 5. What was the first town in Massachusetts to adopt town manager government? When? | 18. How many schools are there in Norwood? Name them. |
| 6. Who was (a) the first Town Manager? (b) Who is the present one? | 19. What is the system of grades used in Norwood called? |
| 7. What man prominent in State Government resides in Norwood? | 20. What is the tax rate in Norwood? |
| 8. What Norwood man "left his plow in furrow" to fight at Lexington? | 21. What important inter-state highway runs through Norwood? |
| 9. Where did he leave it? | 22. Give within 500 the population of Norwood in 1926. |
| 10. What are four of Norwood's outstanding industries? | 23. Give within \$500,000 the assessed value of Norwood in 1926. |
| 11. How many children attend school in Norwood? | 24. What is the area of Norwood? |
| 12. When was the railroad between Norwood and East Walpole built? | 25. (a) What case recently decided by the Supreme Court involved a Norwood man? (b) What was the case about, and (c) to whom was the verdict awarded? |





Basket Ball

The new basket ball league, with Norwood as a member, gave an added interest to basket ball in Norwood. With Benny Murray as coach and "Tom" Foley as captain, the Norwood team started with bright prospects of a winning season. The large new gym was also an added attraction, and served somewhat to nullify the effect of changing the time of the games from night to afternoon. The team started off with a bang, but met with some "tough breaks" as the season advanced; yet, even at that, it took the second place in the league. Natick, who had a very big and exceptionally fast team, finished first, but was given a good battle for leadership by Norwood. The schedule was much shorter than in previous years, only twelve games being played. A brief summary of the games played follows:

NORWOOD 30—NEEDHAM 3

The first game of the basket ball season, and also the first game to take place in the gym of the New High School, was a League game, and was easily won by Norwood by a one-sided score. The Norwood boys looked as though they were due for a wonderful season in this game, and Needham had not a chance from the opening whistle. This victory

put Norwood up with the leaders of the League.

NORWOOD 15—NATICK 21

The first away-from-home game was a big surprise to Norwood fans, as Natick beat Norwood by a small but decisive score. It was another League game and it put Natick much ahead of the rest. This game was closely contested all the way, neither team having a very imposing lead at any time, until, at the end, Natick forged ahead and came out of the game the winner.

NORWOOD 17—DEDHAM 11

This game indicated that Norwood had only had a slight slip-up the previous game, as they took the big and fast Dedham team into camp, thereby surprising the Dedham contingent. This was as closely contested as the Norwood Dedham games usually are, both teams fighting hard until the final whistle called a halt to proceedings.

NORWOOD 34—WELLESLEY 21

Norwood took her opponents in the third league game of the season very easily. Even while Norwood was winning so handily, the spectators found it a very fast game and an interesting one

to watch, the score being no criterion of the action of the game. The Wellesley team, being very well coached, kept Norwood on the alert all the time.

NORWOOD 28—FRAMINGHAM 32

Norwood's second defeat of the season was administered to her by Framingham High at the Lincoln Junior High building, at Framingham. Norwood was leading at the half and it looked like a victory for the Blue and White, but the Framingham boys came back in the second half and pinned defeat on Norwood. This was the most exciting game that had been played up to this time, and interest was increased because it was a League game. This forced Norwood to take another drop in the League standing, but she was still in fighting position, intending to top the League.

NORWOOD 32—NEEDHAM 14

Norwood journeyed to Needham to play a return League engagement, and succeeded in beating them as easily as before, this making the second game Norwood had won from them by a large score. This game was not particularly interesting, except to one interested in the Norwood team, the Needham boys not having a chance throughout the entire game. This made a total of three League games won and two lost for Norwood, leaving her still, with a chance for leadership of the League.

NORWOOD 26—NATICK 34

Norwood had the fast Natick quintet on her hands for this game, fully intending to turn the tables and avenge their previous defeat at Natick. Natick again pulled a surprise and left Norwood in the lurch at the start of the game and kept her lead until the end. Norwood cut down her lead substantially in the second half, but could not quite succeed

in overcoming her opponents. This is the first game played on the home floor since the opening one, and the Norwood rooters were given a good exhibition of basket ball. This game put Natick in undisputed possession of the lead in the League race.

NORWOOD 15—FRANKLIN 16

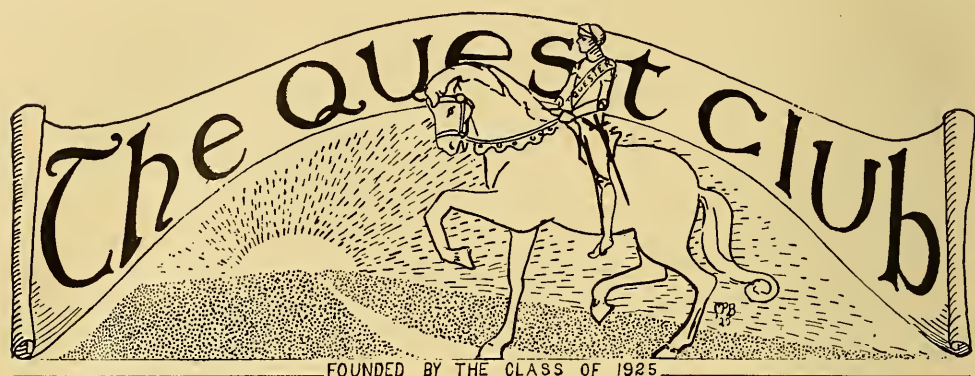
Norwood's last away-from-home game was played at Franklin, and resulted in a very close and exciting game. First one team would forge ahead and then the other, Franklin finally caging a basket in the last three seconds to win by the narrow margin of one point. The breaks were all against Norwood and she seemed to have the superior team, contrary to what the score indicates.

NORWOOD 13—DEDHAM 27

Dedham's motto seemed to be "an eye for an eye" as they came to Norwood and wiped out their previous defeat on their home floor by beating Norwood on Norwood's floor by the decisive score of 27 to 13. Dedham showed a much better team than in the previous game with Norwood, having improved noticeably in every department of the game, and there was no doubt as to the outcome of the game after the first quarter.

NORWOOD 51—WELLESLEY 20

After her defeat by Dedham in the previous game, Norwood came out and took revenge on Wellesley by piling up the enormous total of 51 points to her opponent's 20. The Norwood boys had a field day, caging baskets from all parts of the floor and passing all around their adversaries. As in the previous game between these two rivals, Norwood got the lead at the start and was never headed. This victory helped Norwood's standing in the League, giving her a good chance of finishing in second place.



Foreword

WITH Spring has come a varied program for the Quest Club. Along with its usual activities, there are several new projects in view. Among the former was a trip to see "Macbeth" to which the Questers were invited with the English classes. Two science lectures at Massachusetts Institute of Technology have also been attended by members of the Club. A trip to see "What Price Glory" is being planned at the present time.

In contrast to the intellectual atmosphere of the theater and lecture hall is a trip which has been planned to Charlestown Jail. Contrary to what might be expected in the freedom of the warm, spring days, the Questers still seem to desire the annual trip to prison.

This month, Questers have been ordering the Club pins. This is the first year in which all Questers purchasing pins must have earned them. The pins

were earned in several ways, two of which were helping at the Christmas Party and the Food Sale. At the present time, over sixty pins have been ordered, which is a large number considering the fact that many of the Juniors and Seniors ordered theirs last year. We are glad to see the evidence of interest which the Sophomores showed by the number of pins ordered.

At the last Board meeting, the officers of the Club voted to turn over to the Quester's Aid, forty-five dollars (\$45), which was the money made by selling candy at the football and basket ball games.

Selling candy at the games has been a very slow and gradual way of earning money, but nevertheless, it has been a sure and steady one, and plainly shows the efforts of many Questers.

JANE WALDHEIM,
President.

"Old Ironsides"

AGAIN last month a certain Friday night found a group of Questers journeying toward Boston. Our quest this time was to see the popular motion

picture, "Old Ironsides." Upon reaching Boston we proceeded toward our destination, the Tremont Theatre, where the picture was playing. It was such a

cold night we took a short cut to the theatre through some side streets.

On arriving at the theatre we started to go in the middle door, but Miss Gow reminded us that a special entrance was provided for patrons holding fifty cent seats. So we turned back, and proceeded to climb to the second balcony, which by this time might well be called "Questers' Gallery." Our seats were very good ones in the middle section, a few rows from the front. All were talking and laughing at once. Suddenly everything became quiet. The exciting picture had begun.

"Old Ironsides" is the ship which was sent by the United States to conquer the pirates in the Mediterranean Sea. The picture was thrilling and interesting from

beginning to end. The humorous side was maintained by our famous villain and comedian, Wallace Beery. Everyone was most interested in the hero, Charles Farrell, who is a neighbor of ours from Walpole. As the picture progressed the Americans conquered the pirates, and freed those who had been made slaves. Then the good ship, "Old Ironsides," having finished its work, made a triumphant return to America.

After the picture was over we left the theatre and walked to the South Station. We took the eleven-thirty train home, tired, but happy and content, and with the firm resolution that "Old Ironsides" should not be destroyed.

A. J. G. O., '27.

Engineering the Foundation of Modern Civilization

THE third science lecture of the series given by the Society of Arts of Massachusetts Institute of Technology was given in February. Charles M. Spofford, head of the Department of Civil and Sanitary Engineering, was the speaker. The topic of this lecture was "Engineering, the Foundation of Modern Civilization." The subject was considered under three headings: bridges and their construction; roads and their construction; and the supplying of water for drinking and power. Before starting the main part of the lecture Mr. Spofford gave a brief history of the progress of engineering.

It was very interesting to see and hear how bridges are constructed. Slides were projected on the screen showing the progress of bridge-building from the time of the ancient Romans up to the present day. Mr. Spofford carefully explained the tests applied to determine

the strength of the material used. Many minor details were brought into prominence, such as the expansion of steel bridges on a summer's day.

Professor Spofford next explained and illustrated highways and the manner of their construction. He told how the engineer must plan not only for the best road but for an economical one. The slides he used showed mountain highways, and the way in which they must all be graded in order that all traffic may take the grades easily.

The subject of water was the most interesting. The speaker began at the source of the water supply and illustrated the way it was dammed preparatory to being sent down to the power station. The power stations have large turbines through which the water is sent at great pressure. The turbines are connected to electric generators producing electric power. This power is sent over large

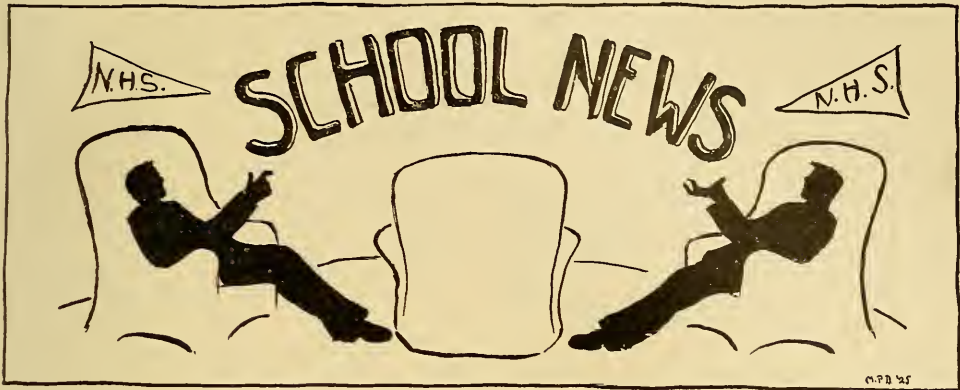
lines to be distributed for various purposes. The water that does not go toward making power is sent along the line to purifiers to be made fit for drinking. After it is purified it is sent down below the streets and the pressure there

is enough to send the water up twenty-four stories of a modern building.

I think this lecture was the best and most interesting of the series. It was brief, well delivered, and well illustrated.

C. R. N., '27.





School Activities

ASSEMBLIES

January 7—The Chamber of Commerce Cup was awarded to the Class of 1928. The Seniors won it the first time, the Juniors the second, so by the well-known process of elimination, the Sophomores should win it the third time. We shall see.

February 4—Kenneth Murray, a new violin teacher in Norwood, played a number of selections, accompanied by Helen Olsen at the piano.

February 11—A group of boys dubbed "The Silent Wonders" gave us quite a treat with their work on the parallel bars and in tumbling. They were assisted by their instructor, Mr. Murray, and by Louis Thomas and George Abbot, who supplied some rare comedy, or I should say, burlesque.

February 18—The debating club made its first appearance before the school. The subject was "Resolved: That the manufacture and subsequent sale and use of cigarettes in the United States shall be prohibited by law." The negative, composed of Edmund Caine, Wilbur Fay, and Marion Cushing, won from the affirmative upheld by Charles Blanchard, Gareth Rouillard, and Kenneth Reardon.

Daniel O'Connell and Clifford Nelson acted as alternates, Joseph Breen was chairman, and Mr. Smith, Mr. Geer, and Mr. Woodbury were the judges.

March 4—The Sophomore Class did not, as we thought they would, win the scholarship cup for the third term. It was awarded for the second time this year to the Class of 1928, which evidently is keeping up its brilliant record of last year.

The school orchestra made its second public appearance of the season at our gymnasium at a Parent-Teachers' Meeting in January. The orchestra also played before and between the acts of the Senior Play on Thursday and Friday evenings, February 17 and 18. On both occasions the regular ensemble was augmented by certain violinists from the Junior High School.

About 30 pupils of the Norwood High School attended the performance of "Macbeth" at the Repertory Theatre on Friday, March 11.

To those who had read "Macbeth" the production was most interesting—to the others, hardly less interesting, for it was a fine performance.

The "A" division of the Senior Shorthand Class of 1927 has undertaken a new project, that of adopting an "Orphan." This "Orphan" has created interest in both Senior and Junior shorthand classes and also among the graduates.

"The Orphan" is a shorthand booklet that is to be circulated each month. The first number, which has already been published, is complimentary, all other issues will be sold for five cents a copy.

As the booklet is in charge of different pupils each month and is not to belong to a specific group of individuals, it was given the name of "The Orphan." At present she is without a name, but we hope to have her christened before her next appearance, which, by the way, is going to show a marked improvement over her debut.

V. SIENKIEWICZ, '27,
Advertising Manager.

Senior Notes

The Seniors may feel justly proud of the great success of their play, "The Prince Chap," which was presented on February 17 and 18 in Everett Hall. Though at first there may have been some gloomy forebodings of the Seniors' willingness to wear the harness, the class finally responded and gave excellent support.

After much keen competition the following students were well chosen as the final cast: William Peyton, an American sculptor, Wilbur C. Fay; Jack Rodney, the Earl of Huntington, an amateur painter, Samuel E. Steele; Marcus Runion, an English serving man, Calvin B. Chamberlain; Ballington, Clifford R. Nelson; Vadder, Daniel J. O'Connell; Fritz, Leonard J. Mahoney, artist in the studio building; Truckman, John Westgirda, Jr.; Claudia No. 1, a child of eight, Marguerite E. Rorke; Claudia No. 2, a child of ten, Irene V. Tinkham; Claudia No. 3, a girl of twenty, Helen R. O'Kane; Mrs. Arrington, Claudia's mother, Irene V. Tinkham; Pheobe Puckers, a maid of all work, Barbara E. Roberts; Alice Travers, an American girl of twenty years, Jane M. Waldheim. The fine work of the cast in their excellent presentation

of the play is worthy of the highest praise.

The tickets were practically all soon disposed of under the able supervision of the business manager. The ushers, the candy committee plus the support it received from both the Seniors and the lower classmen, the Senior Advisors, and the stage and property manager all aided in making this a record play.

Through the efforts of the Student Participation Committee and through the support of the faculty and the student body, a new traffic system has been in operation in the Norwood Senior High School for almost three weeks. This system, like all new things, may be greatly improved, for, though not unsuccessful, it is not without faults. It is with interest and anticipation that everyone will watch the Senior Class during the remaining months for further efforts towards increasing student participation.

The Senior Class, for the second time during this school year, has been defeated by the Juniors in obtaining the inscription of their class numerals on the Board of Trade Scholarship Cup. Fortunately, "1927" may yet be twice inscribed on the Cup, if everyone strives hard enough.

Chem. Instructor: "What is the odor of chlorine?"

Carlson: "Very pugnacious."

* * *

Mr. Woodbury in Chemistry: "What is the process of making sympathetic ammonia?"

* * *

Miss Elliott to Blanchard: "The Civil War is in Miss Abbott's room."

* * *

Mr. Woodbury in Chemistry: "All soaps are essentially the same."

Voice in the rear: "How about Woodbury's soap?"

* * *

Some persons and points of literary interest in the school:

So Big: Dixie.

The Perennial Bachelor: Jarvis.

Captains Courageous: Tom, Toby, Dixie, Jimmie, Champ, Dick Crosby.

Forlorn River: The street in front of the school after a rain storm.

Bound to Win: The Senior Basket Ball Team.

Accidents will happen: Chemistry III A.

The Bridge of Sighs: The Arcade.

The Royal Road to Romance: The corridor to 134.

The Pride of the Force: The Wearers of tNo.

ALACK

I met a youth with gloomy appearance.

It was Steele; oh, so lank and lean!

"Hello! What's up?" I asked the lad,

"Why so quiet and sad?"

"Alack," he wailed, "alack, alack!"

Again, I met the youth and lo!

His face with joy was all aglow.

In answer to my blank dismay,

He cried, "'Tis not alack today,

Kind Miss; it is a lass! a lass!"

Junior Notes

Congratulations, Juniors, on winning the Board of Trade Scholarship Cup for the second time this year! It shows that we are doing well, but we must continue to strive for higher honors. We won by quite a big margin, but we shall have to work harder in order to stay ahead, for the Sophomores and Seniors will also try harder next time. So let's buckle down, Juniors, and next time have a record number on the honor roll.

JUNIOR CLASS TAX

Juniors, can't you hear us calling?
Won't you heed our pleading cry?
Oh, so fast your record's falling;
Hold it, raise it, push it high.

For your class-tax we are yearning,
Just a check beside your name,
And to know that we are learning,
How to play and win the game.

Let us beat the others to it,
Sophomores and Seniors too;
Keep them under covers with it,
While we ourselves shine through.

Now come and show your spirit, class,
And everyone must do his part.
Do not stop to hesitate,
Or we will never get a start.

EVELYN WALSH, '28,
Girls' Treasurer.

JUNIOR JOKES

Miss Foster: "We got Florida on our new radio last night."

"Tick" Fay: "What station?"

Miss Foster: "I don't know. It had four letters, anyway."

* * *

Miss Wilson: "Take the next sentence, Miss Anderson."

Astrid: "I shall sit here until he comes."

* * *

Hobson (on seeing the arm bands of the traffic officers): "Look at all the TONS around here!"

* * *

Miss Gow (in Algebra): "I have a very bad cold. Can you hear me up back?"

Rich (dreaming as usual): "No!"

* * *

We notice that Miss Upton is wearing

a diamond. We congratulate the man and hope he can give the date in Latin.

* * *

Babel (after Rouillard had explained the new traffic system): "What's the penalty for going on the wrong side of the dummy?" (meaning Rouillard).

* * *

Mr. Geer: "Which travels faster, heat or cold?"

Donovan: "Heat."

Mr. Geer: "Explain your theory."

Donovan: "Well, you can catch cold, but you can't catch heat."

* * *

Miss James (after giving a ten-minute quiz): "Fold up your books and put them in your papers."

* * *

Pupil: "How large is a carat?"

Mr. Woodbury: "About half as big as a turnip."

Sophomore Class Notes

The Class of 1929 held its party in the High School gymnasium on February eleventh. The presidents and vice-presidents of the Junior and Senior classes were guests of the Sophomores.

The gymnasium looked well with its decorations of red and white.

The evening was pleasantly spent in the enjoyment of games, dancing, and an entertainment which was furnished by various members of the class.

A student orchestra furnished music.

Much credit is due to the committee and the teachers who helped make this occasion a great success.

The Sophomores have not yet succeeded in winning the Chamber of Commerce Scholarship Cup. The remaining two terms should be spent in diligently working for this so that we may see our numerals on the cup this year.

PUTTING IT OVER

A swish,

A slur,

A bang!

Down goes the dummy cop!

Who is it driving?

A woman, of course.

To jail,

The sergeant,

Stern, cross, unmerciful!

A smile,

A few tears,

Then what happens?

A cough,

A pause,

Silence!

A glance about the room,

The verdict!

"Be careful next time."

HELEN WALDHEIM, '29.

There was an old woman in Norwood
Who couldn't make her car go forward;
So she turned it around,
Where it stood on the ground,
And now it goes backwardly forward.

EDNA LARSON, '29.

* * *

1st Pupil (speaking of a coming test):
"Holy smoke!"

2nd Pupil: "You mean incense, don't
you?"

—Exchange.

* * *

Prof. D.: "How far back can music be
traced?"

A Sophomore: "Since we had birds."

* * *

Extract from an oral composition:
"Franklin struck Mr. Owen in the dining-
room."

* * *

Miss Blake: "People dealing in mathe-
matics, usually carry tables around with
them."

* * *

Teacher: "What do you associate with
Turkey?"

Pupil: "Cranberry sauce and pumpkin
pie, I suppose."

—Exchange.

SOME SAYINGS OF A FEW SOPHOMORES
Doris Dexter—"I didn't do a bit of
homework."

Charlie Newman—"Say it again."

Chick Donahue—"Next dance?"

Jimmy Collins—"Je ne sais pas."

Louie Balboni—"Let's take you home."

Russell Crosby—"I guess so."

Margaret Kenefick—"You'd ought to."

Phyllis Mollison—"I nearly died."

Clare Riley—"Well, Well, Well!"

Mary Nolan—"You don't say."

Tina Murray—"Golly's."

Red Dean—"Aren't you funny?"

Margaret Eisenhaur—"Oh! you Bru-
tus."

Loretta Smith—"Find out."

Francis Murphy—"I'll take you for a
ride."

Helen Jordan—"Oh! Boy."

Dot White—"G'wan."

Mona Morris—"Thanks for the buggy
ride."

Betty Blair—"Oh, I'll get killed."

Martin O'Donnell—"I don't care."

Janice MacKenzie—"Oh, you ape."

"Fishy" Kravitz—"Oh where'd you get
those eyes?"

Tom Hayden—"Sure."

Edith Everburg—"Let me out!"

Alumni Notes

Though the Alumni items this edition
are few they are particularly interesting.

Norwood High School is pleased by
the news from Mt. Holyoke that Elizabeth
Gay, Class of '22, has been elected to
Phi Beta Kappa. Elizabeth received all
of her preparatory training at Norwood
High, so we are very proud of the honor
which has come to her. At the present
time she is a technician in the Rockefeller
Institute for Medical Research.

From England comes the news that

Marjorie Uphill, formerly a student at
Norwood High School, has a small
daughter.

We hear that Lydia Tolander, '25, has
the distinction of being the only freshman
in the chorus at the New England Con-
servatory of Music.

Two interesting announcements are
the engagement of Billy Russell, '21, and
Ruth McLean, '25, and the marriage of
Leo Dolaher, '25, and Frances Glynn,
formerly in the Class of '26.

The sympathy of the High School is extended to John Knox (formerly of our school) in his illness. He has our best wishes and our hopes for his speedy recovery.

"Dogger" Flaherty, '24, has accepted a position in New York, and we hear he is successful in his work.

Miss Marion Swift, '25, recently enter-

tained some of her fellow-workers at the Morrill Ink Company with a "hobo" party at her home.

"Gerry" Ellis, '23, has played this year on the varisty hockey team at Norwich University.

Bernard, "Barney," Cronan we understand has joined the Navy and at the present time is down in the Canal Zone.





Reminiscences of My Dream

As a *Pilgrim*, or rather as a curious *Spectator*, I decided one day to climb to the *Peak of Mirror Mountain* where an *Oracle* was situated.

Since I was no experienced *Climber* and had as a guide only the *Flicker* of a distant *Beacon* fire, my *Advance* up this mountain was rather slow. However, on the way, I met a *Hanoverian* and a *Jeffersonian* who were on the same mission as I—namely, to obtain from the *Oracle* information on those mysterious things called “Exchanges.”

When we had reached our destination, we found that a *Tauntonian* and an *Academic Observer* had arrived before us. So while awaiting our turn, we read the *Semaphore*, the *Alpha*, the *Unquity Echo*, and that fine little magazine called *Drury Academe*.

The pythonesse, clothed in a *Blue and Gold* robe and seated on a golden *Tripod*, was ready to answer all queries. When my turn came, I took out my little *Green and White Pad and Pencil* to copy down an *Item* or two. I had also brought a

small *Blue and White Blotter* which I gave to a *Critic* from the *Little Red School House* who was copying in ink, some notes for the *Herald* and the *Bulletin*. Like the ingredients of a *Hash Dish* my questions on the exchanges were many and varied.

If you'll agree to *Arguenot*, I won't *Broadcast* what she said but like a *Parrot*, I'll *Tattle-Tale* by telling the following:

WHAT SHE THINKS OF YOU

“The *Broadcast*,” Everett, Mass.—The “*Broadcast*” is a “snappy” paper which keeps us posted on all the doings of Everett High School. “The *Jester's Column*” afforded us many a snicker.

“The *Sachem*,” Middleboro, Mass.—The cover of the “*Sachem*” and the cuts found within surely made us sit up and take notice. The literary department could be improved by a better arrangement of material. Such humorous articles as a “*A Jump in the Dark*” and “*Classified Advertisements*” could be placed with the “*Jolly Jestings*.” Never-

theless, you succeeded in your endeavor which was "to make the 'Sachem' varied and enjoyable to read."

"Little Red Schoolhouse," Athol, Mass.—We eagerly await the next issue of the "Little Red School House" for the second act of the play, entitled "At Another's Desk."

"The Climber," Bridgewater, Mass.—Your "Class Notes" gave us a complete and interesting account of the various activities in the Howard High School. "The Initiation of the Freshman" was certainly an entertaining article disclosing the "grand and glorious" fun which the upper classmen derived from initiating the "little ones." The story entitled "The Spanish Shawl" deserves praise for its local color.

"Boston University News," B. U.—We enjoyed reading your paper, especially the humorous snatches in the "Walrus Column."

"The Mirror," Dedham, Mass.—Dedham High School is creditably represented in the Literary Department of the "Mirror." However, we disagree with your exchange policy. Since we have profited by the comments made upon the "Arguenot," we do not believe it futile to comment upon our exchanges.

"The Harpoon," Dartmouth H. S.—The neat appearance of the "Harpoon" is nicely balanced by the quality of material which it contains. Your joke department which is "short and sweet" has an amusing heading.

"The Beacon," Gloucester, Mass.—A fine monthly is the "Beacon" and, if we were to judge Gloucester High School by the magazine which it publishes, our decision would be highly favorable. Athletics were well written and the jokes found in the "Beacon" were as humorous as they were numerous. However, your

editorials seem too brief for the treatment of such general subjects.

"The Spectator," Chicopee, Mass.—Yours is an interesting paper containing good material which makes us hope that you will soon enlarge your publication.

"The Tattle-Tale," Wareham, Mass.—In a meditative state of mind, we enjoyed perusing the impressive essay entitled "The Bright Side of Life." "As the People of 'The House of Seven Gables' Appear to the Sophomores" had many excellent character sketches. The Exchange and Athletic Departments of your "Christmas Number" were rather short.

"The Dial," Brattleboro, Vermont.—We are proud to welcome into our exchange column "The Dial," an excellent magazine from Brattleboro High School. You had an appropriate selection of material in the issue, "Introducing American Youth." We envy your poetry and, above all, the original way in which the comments on the exchanges are written.

WHAT SHE SAID YOU THINK OF THE
"ARGUENOT"

"The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.—(June), your issue was a credit to school and staff. (November), we were delighted with the number of ads and contributions in the "Arguenot." The History and Foreign Language Departments were interesting and complete. The Quest Club is a new one to us. Good luck in it. We missed a dramatic department.

"The Advance," Salem, Mass.—The "Arguenot" has a literary department which would be difficult to approach for interest and originality of subject matter. The foreign language department is also well written.

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.—Upon seeing the many ads, we are sure of the

financial success of your magazine. You might decrease the quantity and increase the quality of your stories. The foreign language department is a commendable feature, also the history department. Your class notes and school activities are most complete.

"The Academic Observer," Utica, N. Y.—An extremely well-written magazine. Your literary and history departments show a great deal of originality and you have a very attractive cover. Why not have a few more jokes?

OTHER MAGAZINES AND PAPERS SHE ENJOYED READING

"The Unquity Echo," Milton, Mass.

"The High School Herald," Westfield, Mass.

"Drury Academe," North Adams, Mass.

"The Advance," Salem, Mass.

"The Alpha," New Bedford, Mass.

"The Semaphore," Stoughton, Mass.

"Bird's Neponset Review," East Walpole, Mass.

"The Green and White," Manila, P. I.

"The Blue and Gold," Malden, Mass.

"The Tripod," Roxbury Latin School.

"The Pilgrim," Plymouth, Mass.

"The Jeffersonian," Detroit, Michigan.

"The Pad and Pencil," Chandler Secretarial School.

"The Oracle," Manchester, N. H.

"The Item," Dorchester, Mass.

"The Abhis," Abington, Mass.

"The Academic Observer," Utica, N. Y.

"The Parrot," Rockland, Mass.

"The Whipplewill," Portsmouth, N. H.

"The Northeastern News," N. U.

"The Proviso Pageant," Maywood, Illinois.

BITS OF BORROWED WIT

Boy—"I want a hair cut just like father's with a hole in the top."

Whipplewill, Portsmouth, N. H.

* * *

Miss Collins: "What is a peninsula?"

Freshman: "A rubber neck."

Miss Collins: "No, no! It's a neck running out to sea."

Freshman: "Well, isn't that a rubber neck?"

Drury Academe, N. Adams, Mass.

* * *

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